

Children's Newspaper

Christopher Wren of the Animal World
See My Magazine for June

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 61—May 15, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Three-halfpence—Every Friday

THE CRY THAT CAME OVER THE SEA

HOW ROME WENT HOME

CONQUEROR WHO BECAME A FRIEND

The Far-Off Days When England was a Roman Colony

END OF A GREAT ERA

We gave last week Mr. Kipling's fine speech on the Englishman, in which he said that the Englishman gave a fair trial to all his foreign teachers and masters; and then, when he had done with them, a fair dismissal.

An Italian admirer of England points out that Mr. Kipling, in his haste, has accepted a popular version of the end of Roman rule in the land of our fathers. We did not turn them out; we fought like wild cats to keep them here in strength and glory, but in a spirit of courageous independence still characteristic of our blended blood.

The Romans never wholly conquered what is now the United Kingdom. They did not conquer Ireland, nor the north of Scotland, but southern Britain came completely under the sway of Rome, and gloried in it, as well it might.

What Rome Gave Us

Rome built us roads and bridges which lasted till Shakespeare's day. She cleared forests and promoted agriculture; she opened up mines and gave us industries; she taught our southerners cleanly habits; she taught them to speak, read, and write Latin, to wear the clothes of Rome, and to excel in military exercises.

And although the Roman legions here were mainly composed of foreign troops, gathered from many nations, vast numbers of Rome's soldiers were entirely British, highly organised, and indomitably brave. The Roman Empire, much misruled, was tottering in the fourth century. War, begun at the Great Wall of China, spread across the world until it brought Alaric to the very gates of Rome.

Stilicho, a great soldier who, in the name of Honorius, ruled the western half of the Empire, including Spain, Gaul, or France, and Britain, was compelled in 403 to withdraw one of the two legions remaining in Britain.

When Rome Was in Danger

That was the famous legion which had guarded the north-west from the Scots, whose home was then Ireland, and the north from the Picts, with whom the Romans and Britons were always at war. "They curb the Scot and gaze on the tattoo-marks on the pale face of the dying Pict," wrote Claudian.

After Stilicho had beaten the first attempts of Alaric, the attack on Rome was taken up successively by Goths, Vandals, and other fierce barbarians, armies of whom invaded Gaul and Spain. Now, the Britons combined an ardent

Continue in next column

The Man Who Has Lost an Empire



The Turkish Empire is passing out of history. The "Sunrise Land" of Anatolia, in Asia Minor, has become its Sunset Land, for in future this once-proud empire, one of the greatest in the world, is to be practically confined to that small province. See page two

affection for Rome with a passionate zeal for national rights within the empire, and when they saw that the legion taken away from them did not return, and that Rome was in danger of being overthrown, they did not expel the remaining Romans.

What they did was to declare that the Roman general Stilicho and the Roman emperor Honorius were not doing their duty to the empire. They elected a Briton named Constantine as emperor, and sent him forth with the last legion, leading an army, mainly British, to bring Rome back into the paths of victory and to re-establish her fortunes in the world.

The British Constantine conquered large parts of Gaul, now France, which the barbarians had overrun, and he actually subdued the enemy in the province of Spain.

But he fought against the forces of Honorius to make himself master of

Rome, so that, instead of strengthening the mother empire, he weakened it, and was eventually taken and executed at Ravenna, which Honorius had made his capital.

His army never returned to Britain, for in 410, the year before this Constantine's death, Honorius wrote to Britain telling her that she must now take up arms for herself against Scots from the west, Picts from the north, and Saxons from the north-east.

The last Roman legion went out of Britain, under British leadership, to fight for Rome against an emperor, it is true, but on behalf of Rome; and only when Rome had fallen did our people set up their own government and sink into the darkness of night, and become lost to history for 150 years.

But, so safe had Rome made Britain, that Christianity had been flourishing for two centuries in our midst before Rome finally went away.

TOUCH OF HOME FOR THE PRINCE

Life from Napoleon's Grave

STORY OF A TREE THAT GROWS AT WINDSOR

Next year will complete the century that has passed since, with the setting of the sun over St. Helena, Napoleon yielded up his life in his prison home.

But after a century the glamour of that wonderful career still grips the imagination of the world.

Five years ago a precious little commonplace diary, which had been lost for 94 years, first came to light. It was the diary of a London carpenter who, sent out by a Tenterden Street furnisher to fit up Napoleon's house, was called upon to make his coffin.

In this diary the unromantic carpenter recorded how, in order to get plaster of Paris with which to take a death-mask, he obtained cheap plaster statuettes and ground them down, and used the powder afresh. Then there was the romance of the great mahogany coffin.

Table Napoleon Sleeps In

There was no mahogany available on the island, so a Captain Bennett, one of the garrison, gave his dining-table for the purpose, and in that table-coffin Napoleon lies in Paris now.

Well, as the body lay for 19 years in a valley on the island before it was removed to France, a willow tree grew up over the tomb, and a slip from this tree was cut off, brought to Windsor Castle, and planted in the grounds.

The late Lord Playfair told a wonderful story of this tree. On the day of the battle of Sedan, France's greatest disaster since Waterloo, a lightning flash struck the tree and severed its chief branch from the trunk.

The willow remained stunted, not killed, and grew for years. Then came another storm, and a second flash struck the tree, carrying off its second great arm. It was afterwards found, he said, that this accident happened just at the hour when the only son of Napoleon III. was struck dead by Zulus in Africa, during the British war against Cetewayo.

On the River Bank

Now, out from Windsor, the Prince of Wales has been travelling in New Zealand, and he has seen a large number of willows flourishing along the banks of the Waikato, the foremost river in New Zealand.

Those fine willows are the off-spring of the tree that grew on Napoleon's grave! A missionary from St. Helena took cuttings years ago, carried them to New Zealand, and planted them in genial soil where they flourished well. An interesting touch of home for the Prince!

Napoleon sleeps wrapped in an English table, and the willows from his grave adorn a river in the far-off territories of the race he sought to destroy.

AN EMPIRE LOST END OF TURKISH POWER A New Great Fact in History THE SUNSET LAND OF AN ANCIENT RACE

The Allies have now reached an agreement which makes clear what Turkey has lost by the war, though the boundary between the Sultan's dominions and the new State of Armenia has to be settled by President Wilson as arbiter.

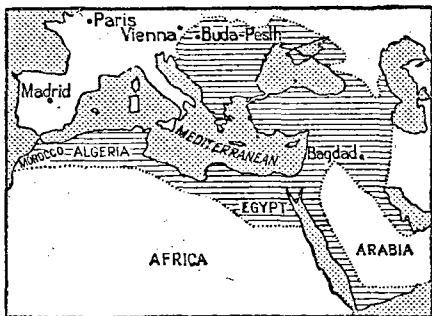
A hundred years ago the Turkish Sultan was master of the whole Balkan Peninsula; of Northern Africa from the latitude of Cape Bon eastward, including Egypt and its hinterland to the border of Abyssinia; of Western Arabia as far as the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb; of Asia Minor, Syria, and Armenia back to the borders of Georgia; and of Mesopotamia to the borders of Persia.

From an Empire to a Province

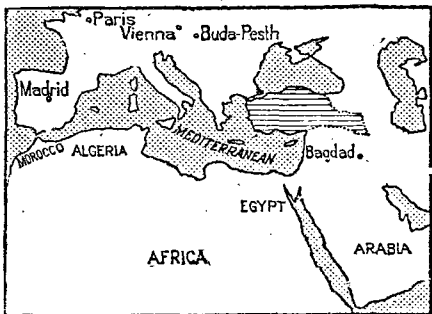
Turkey held, too, all the islands of the Levant. It was a vast and varied empire, seated across the great rivers of antiquity—the Nile, Euphrates, Tigris, and Danube. What is it now?

It is only a thousand square miles in Europe and the province of Anatolia, or Sunrise Land, in Asia Minor. But to the Turks Anatolia has become a Sunset Land, marking the close of their day of conquest.

Little by little the Christian races subject to the Turks have gained their freedom. Greece, Rumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, struggled bravely into liberty;



Turkey at its greatest extent in 1600



Turkey as it now is

(The Turkish lands are shown by lines)

and now, at last, Armenia, the most cruelly treated of all lands, is free. Even the Mohammedan lands where the people are not Turkish have cast off the Turkish yoke; the Arabs have formed a kingdom on their own account, with Damascus as its capital; and other parts of the empire are being placed under European guardianship.

Turk's Last Foothold in Europe

The once fertile plain of Mesopotamia, the cradle of ancient empires, is left under British care, with Egypt and Palestine. France guards Syria and Cilicia; Italy holds Tripoli, and protects part of the western coast of Asia Minor; and Greece controls Smyrna and the district around it, besides extending her frontier in Europe across the southern part of the Balkan Peninsula to the Black Sea, leaving Turkey only a strip of Europe around Constantinople.

That great capital, and the straits on either side of it, are to be held in trust, free to the trade of all nations, their fortifications dismantled. In short, Turkey becomes a small State, almost wholly inland, a land where the Turks themselves form the bulk of the population, and have a right to rule.

OUR COUSINS OVER THERE British Ambassador's First Speech to America THE BRITISH REVOLUTION

We take three passages from the first public utterance of the new British Ambassador in America, Sir Auckland Geddes. He was speaking to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

Our burdens are colossal. Nobody likes them. The cost of living, the weight of taxes, the alleged incompetence of the Government and its incapacity to look after business interests, form the staples of dinner-table conversation.

But there has been a profound change in England during the war: there has been worked a series of changes which almost deserve the title of a revolution.

Vast new classes have been enfranchised. The ultimate political power in England now rests in the hands of the workers. They are strongly anti-militarist, and determined to work out new relations between Capital and Labour.

Silently, and without fuss and noise, they have reduced the Army to a strength which many think barely sufficient to police the Empire. They are determined to deal with the problems of health, housing, and education.

Great Task for the Future

They see clearly that to secure their purpose they have to end the animosities which have torn Europe and brought her to the brink of disaster.

The great question for you is, "Are you going to stand by and wait for Europe's troubles to come after you, as come they will?" I dare not presume to suggest what your answer would be.

In these difficult times for all we need sanity, courage, and goodwill. I believe that even at the cost of heavy burdens we must try to pick up the broken, instil new heart into the hopeless, and greet all who raise themselves, even from the dust, in an effort to do something to build a saner world out of the fragments of broken eras.

I know you as a nation well enough to prophesy that, when the building is done, you and your sons will be able to look back and say: "We are glad we took the larger view of this, our handiwork as well as theirs."

FLYING TRAVELLERS MEET IN THE AIR Aeroplane and Natural History

Recently there was published in My Magazine, the mother of the Children's Newspaper, an article on the new knowledge of natural history that might come from the aeroplane by the study of bird migration.

This possibility is now shown to be a certainty by the experiences of Colonel van Ryneveld and Major Brand as they were flying over the great forest belt of Central Africa, south of Khartoum.

There they met, at a height of from 11,000 to 12,000 feet, numbers of migrating birds, including storks. Again, when flying at a height of 7000 ft. over open desert, they met two flights of wild duck, and the colonel says:

"I am convinced that these birds had climbed to these heights to find a favourable wind to help their migration."

This is one of the problems that the aeroplane journeys have been expected to solve. "Do birds choose the winds that will help them?" has often been asked. The flying-men believe they can now give "Yes" as the answer.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE

This is the Diamond Jubilee year of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, and a great effort is to be made to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary by winning 60,000 new members for this famous Friendly Society.

GREAT PIECE OF WORK Model of the Drowned Pits LOST RANGE OF HILLS IN THE MIDLANDS

A well-known Midland geologist, Mr. W. Wickham King, has constructed a wonderful scale model of the South Staffordshire Coalfield, which has been of immense value to the commission inquiring into the causes of the flooding of the Tipton mines.

The model is scientifically correct down to the minutest detail, and shows every line and contour of this part of the Black Country. It is so reliable that the actual measurements of the engineers in the mines have been checked and corrected by it. The detailed measurements of over 1800 levels of thick coal had to be collected, and Mr. King's leisure was engaged for 23 years in making his model, which is rightly described by the chairman of the commission as a most notable piece of work.

Hills not Everlasting

But that is not the only remarkable achievement of Mr. King. Foremost among his geological researches is the discovery of a mountain range which once existed in the Midlands. He has christened it the Mercian Highlands, a pleasingly apt name. The range existed in the Glacial Period, long before the coal measures were formed of vast decayed forests.

Foldings in the earth's surface, internal eruptions, and submergences gradually effected its disappearance, and now the only traces that remain of this once mighty row of hills are to be seen in the Malvern Hills, the Lickeys, and in the ridges at Nuneaton and Charnwood.

For this important discovery Mr. King has been given a special award by the Geological Society.

DOING ALL THINGS WELL Girls put out a School Fire

It is one thing to be filmed while at fire drill and quite another thing to have to put out a fire in reality, but the girls' fire brigade of the Princess Mary Village Homes, Addlestone, Surrey, has done both equally well.

A few hours after they had been filmed while showing how a fire should be put out, they had the work to do; for their own store-room, in their top storey, took fire.

They found then that their hose was too short to reach from the stop-cock in the grounds to the part of the building where the fire was. However, they quickly ran up a ladder and formed a chain of girls to pass buckets along to the girl on the top of the ladder, and so put out the fire before the men's brigade reached the scene.

Our best wishes to these wise and plucky girls. *Photograph on page 12*

AEROPLANE TRAFFIC Dogs, Ducks, and Horses

The aeroplane is moving on in its great career.

In California a horse has been sent by air to a show, snugly stabled, and unaware of what was happening to him.

Crates of ducks and chickens, despatched by air from Croydon, have arrived safely in Paris, at a cost of 1s. 6d. per pound weight.

Paris has played its part by sending two dogs in the same way to Croydon, at 2s. 6d. per pound—a price prohibitive to big St. Bernards or Great Danes.

This traffic by air between Paris and Croydon enabled a French cyclist, charged at Croydon with riding without a rear light, to explain in a letter why he did not appear to answer the charge.

A magistrate bought as a curiosity this first air-post letter addressed to the court; but he fined the cyclist 30s., which seems unkind!

MOTHER OF THE C.N. And the New Tales She Tells CHRISTOPHER WREN OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

The best of the June magazines is now on the bookstalls, side by side with the Children's Newspaper.

It is My Magazine, the mother of the Children's Newspaper, and for glorious pictures, splendid stories, and thrilling chapters of knowledge there is nothing like it on the bookstalls. We give below a list of some of the things My Magazine contains:

FIFTY SPLENDID MEN

Great Lives Cut Short by the Great War
THE RARE LITTLE WORLD ROUND
ETNA

Sicily, and What Happened There

GATES AND DOORS

A Series of Fine Pictures of Gateways and Doorways Centuries Old

THE MAN WHO LIVED BEFORE HIS
TIME

Denis Papin and His Dream of Steam

THE GREAT LINERS OF THE AERIAL
OCEAN

A Three-Day Bridge over the Atlantic
SOMETHING NEW ABOUT A NETTLE'S
STING

THE WIND HAS A GREAT DAY

William Howitt's Poem, Beautifully
Illustrated in Colour

THE WINDS THAT BLOW ABOUT THE
WORLD

What You Should Know About the Winds
WHO TOLD THE BEAVER?

Little Christopher Wren of the Animal
Kingdom

THE PLAYBOX

With Pictures in Colours, and Verses

THE PROFESSOR'S VISITOR

A Complete Illustrated Story

THE PILOT

A Complete Short Story

A LITTLE TALE IN FRENCH

With Its English Translation

HOW THINGS ARE DONE

THE PUZZLES OF THE WIZARD KING

Particularly graphic is the story of how the wonderful little beaver performs his engineering feats, rivalling those of the cleverest men.

This Christopher Wren of the animal kingdom seems to plan and design his works just as the great architect did, and he fells a tree, builds a bridge, or constructs a dam with as much skill as if he had a human brain and had served an apprenticeship in an engineering shop.

The full story of the beaver and his work is told in the interesting article in My Magazine for June, and the story is illustrated with a wealth of pictures, collected with great trouble from different parts of the world over a number of years.

£10 for a Scottish Girl

The last grant of £10 has been awarded to Nessie O. Wilson, aged 14, who writes from the Edinburgh Ladies' College, Queen Street, Edinburgh, in a very clear, neat hand that has been judged by the Editor as the best of all the handwritings sent in. Miss Wilson is congratulated, and the Four Guinea Atlas of the World before the War has been sent to the library of the Ladies' College.

Ten other grants of 10s. each have been sent to: Phyllis E. Watson, The Convent, Easingwold; Geoffrey Tillotson, Keighley Trade and Grammar School, Keighley; C. A. Smellie, The Schools, Russell Hill, Purley; Jean Donachie, High School, Prestwick, Ayrshire; Richard F. Chandler, Parmiter's Foundation School, Approach Road, Bethnal Green; Kathleen Glover, Athelstan School, Weston-super-Mare; Cecil Harris, Little Heath Council School, Coventry; Gladys Bradbury, Victoria Road Council School, Northwick; C. P. Cooper, Russell Hill Schools, Purley; Nellie Rae, Morgan Academy, Dundee.

DID A CHINAMAN FIND AMERICA?

EXPLORERS 1000 YEARS BEFORE COLUMBUS

Wondrous Pages from the Magic Book of the East

WHY ROME AND CHINA NEVER MET

It may be true of some things, as Gray wrote, that where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise; but it is certainly folly to be ignorant of history.

Yet a great grown-up newspaper declares that the problem whether America was first discovered by Columbus is again raised. *There is no such problem.* We know Columbus was not the first visitor from the Old World to the New.

There is clear proof that the eastern coast of America was reached by the Vikings five centuries before Columbus was born; there is presumptive evidence that the western shores were reached from China a thousand years before.

Drifting to a New World

In the year 984 the Viking hero, Eric the Red, after a quarrel in Iceland, pushed his little ship up into the Arctic Ocean, discovered Greenland, and colonised it. Fourteen years later his son, Leif the Lucky, on a return voyage from Norway, was carried away by winds and tides, and sighted the north-east coast of America. He returned to his home, and in 1003 his brother-in-law, Thorfinn Karlsevine, with three ships, 160 men, and two women, sailed to explore the unknown land.

They reached it and stayed there three years, calling the parts they visited Helluland (the modern Labrador), Markland (now Newfoundland), and the fertile land to the south Vineland, or Wineland. Parts of the story as narrated in the Icelandic saga may be poetic imagination, but the fact of the discovery, and of subsequent voyages to America, is indisputable.

Chinaman's Message in Far West

In the official records of Iceland there is an entry in 1347 noting that a ship bound from Greenland for Markland, in search of wood, was driven by storms to Iceland. That was 151 years before Columbus sighted the New World.

In Greenland and Iceland, all those centuries ago, Newfoundland was already famous for the wood needed by the Vikings for ships, dwellings, and fuel.

But the point on which our grown-up contemporary is basing its statement is that on one of the mighty monuments of Mexico, monuments much older than Columbus, an inscription has been found which resembles the writing used in China today. That takes us back to the contention of the Chinese that they, sailing far to the East, discovered America even before the Vikings, in the fifth century.

Army That Came and Went

The Chinese claim is based on a book written by their explorer Hwei-Sen, who, with other Buddhist monks, reached the continent across the sea in 499, and called it Fusang, or Fusu. They are supposed to have reached Mexico, where the Chinese inscription is now reported to have been discovered.

The claim from China is not new, but if this further evidence should prove correct the fact would be in keeping with much of Chinese history. Their splendid literature goes back 5000 years; they made writing-paper 2000 years ago.

They began printing by blocks at about the same time; they invented printing by movable types nearly 500 years before Gutenberg gave the art to Europe. They had the mariner's compass centuries before the rest of the world; they had cantilever bridges centuries before Europe.

China has until recently always considered herself mistress of the earth

Continued in next column

Last Cry of a Sinking Ship

MEN GOING DOWN IN DEEP WATERS

"Sinking, Sinking," in a Strong Gale on a Dark Night in an Angry Sea

STORY OF THE SHIP THAT WAS NEVER FOUND

Noble work is being done constantly by the wireless system which now palpitates over all the oceans of the world, but it brings home to us all sadly the tragedies of the sea.

Before wireless ships went down and left no trace, no message, except, perhaps, a sealed bottle found years afterwards. Now we hear the last despairing call of the doomed mariners before the wild waters engulf them.

It is something to know what the end was, however sad, and it is well that we should be made to feel the greatness of the price paid for the things brought to us from over the seas, for it keeps the common heart of man tender and thoughtful towards those whose dangerous work makes our life possible.

Wail Out of the Night

Here is a story from the waters that would never have been heard but for the wireless service.

The White Star liner Baltic flashes across the Atlantic before her as she comes home the story of how she picked up an urgent S.O.S. message from an American vessel—"Hatch covers gone; taking water rapidly."

The distance away was 28 miles, and the Baltic headed swiftly for the sinking ship, telling her again and again that she was coming, through what she describes as "a dark night, strong gale, and high confused sea."

Silence of the Sea

Then the signals from the distressed vessel became very weak and unreadable, and only "Sinking, Sinking!" could be made out.

At one in the morning the Baltic was circling round and round over the waters where the ship had called for help, and three other ships were now within sight, coming to the rescue; but none of them could find, on those wild night waters, any trace of the William O'Brien, whose despairing call had reached them.

One of the three vessels was American, and she, after 40 minutes' fruitless search, told the Baltic that she would stand by and watch till dawn, and the Baltic might resume her course.

Drama of the Wireless Age

So, sadly, she headed again towards home, hearing, as the distance between her and the searching vessels widened, that the search had been fruitless.

The William O'Brien had sunk, in the "dark night and the high confused sea," down, down, to the "Great grey level plains of ooze, where the shell-blurred cables creep."

and the rest of us barbarians. Eighteen centuries ago Rome was mistress of the known world and did not know of China. China at the time considered herself ruler of "all beneath the sky," and did not know of Rome. Like a thunderclap came the news to her that there existed another empire, and forthwith she sent out an army to conquer Rome, then ruled by the invincible Trajan. Pan Chau, the Chinese general, had advanced overland as far as the Caspian Sea when failing health compelled him to turn back.

So Rome and China never met, and it was while the empire of the Caesars was dying that China turned East to find the New World of the West, and—if Professor John Fryer of California University is right—found it!

That thrilling story of the waters comes to us from the steamer Baltic, and it brings to mind one of the first great ocean dramas of the Wireless Age, for it was this same White Star liner that rescued the passengers of the steamship Republic in mid-ocean, 11 years ago. In a thousand years men can read nothing more thrilling than that.

The telegraphic operator on the Baltic was sending his passengers' messages home when his receiver recorded the distress call from the Republic. The sinking ship was sixty miles away, drifting in a dense fog, and the Baltic changed its course and set out to find it. From half-past seven in the morning till half-past six at night the Baltic scoured the sea, talking all day long to the ship that was sinking with a thousand lives. All day on the sinking ship sat the telegraph operator, tapping, tapping, tapping into space a signal of distress.

Race for a Thousand Lives

Try to recall the scene. A ship is sinking in a thick fog; a thousand men and women and children prepare to die. In a little room below a man is tapping at a keyboard, tapping into space a bitter cry for help. The air-waves set in motion by his tapping travel 60 miles, until they find, on another ship, a sympathetic disc on which they register themselves; and below, in the operator's room on this other ship, the mysterious tapping is repeated, and the ship's distress made known.

Two other ships pick up the silent cry that trembles through the fog, and all day long three vessels pursue the sinking ship, with which they keep in touch by constant tapping, by telephone bells at the bottom of the sea, and by communication with telegraph stations on land that have become aware of the impending catastrophe.

Bomb That Meant Life

It is a thrilling thing to think of, these four ships drifting in a fog, talking to each other over miles of space, carrying along an invisible ocean life for a thousand beating hearts. "We are sinking rapidly," says one message. "We can hear a bomb to the west of us; is it yours?" says another. Another ship asks the Baltic to "make as much noise as possible." The captain of the Republic thinks he hears a steamer's whistle, and appeals earnestly to the Baltic to hurry, for his ship is "sinking fast."

Saved at Last

And then, at last, after a whole day's search, steering and zigzagging for 200 miles, the Baltic receives this message from the sinking ship: "You are very close now; come carefully. You are on our port side. Have just seen your rocket. You are very close to us."

They were within 100 feet; they saw the faint glare of a green light; and in two hours the sinking ship was emptied of its living freight.

Strange and wonderful it is, this age in which we live, alternating with triumph and despair. We hear of our triumphs, and it is well for the heart of man that from time to time he should hear, as the Baltic men have just heard again, the pathetic wail of "S.O.S."

LIKE GODS FROM THE SKY

NATIVES AND THE FLYING MEN

Odd Experiences of the African Pioneers

THE OLD TURK AND THE TELEGRAPH

The first men to fly the African continent from Cairo to Cape Town, Colonel van Ryneveld and Major Brand, are certain of that immortality which is gained by all pioneers in epoch-marking adventures. But they are already considered immortal in Africa.

It now comes out that wherever they landed in the course of their flight, the natives mistook them for gods from the heavens and thought the aeroplane their chariot, brought them rich offerings, and, in one place, wished to sacrifice goats in their honour.

Wonderful it seems, and yet it is consistent with the whole story of the development of the human intelligence.

Worshipping a Bottle

Untutored man worships what he misunderstands or fears. One of our medical missionaries who had had pestilence in his area in India, returned from a holiday to find his parishioners worshipping the bottles from which he had given them medicine, and paying reverence to the unknown god of cholera.

Our Thursday, Thor's day, reminds us that our own ancestors, fearing thunder, attributed it to the rolling wheels of the chariot driven by a god whom they called Thor; and our Wednesday perpetuates the memory of Wodin, or Odin, the imaginary god of war.

So that we need not wonder that men coming down in roaring engines from the skies impress natives today as gods.

Black Horse of Cortes

The natives upon whose possessions Columbus and other mariners descended, thought their invaders gods and their ships chariots. They imagined that from where these gods came others would follow. In fancy they saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

Horses, as unknown as ships, helped Cortes and his Five Hundred to their unparalleled conquest of Mexico. Rider and horse were believed to be one, centaurs, gods. In his march on Mexico city Cortes left his fine black horse exhausted by the wayside, and took another, and nothing further was heard of the matter for nearly a century.

Then a missionary visited the scene, and found a rude stone statue of a horse being worshipped in a temple. The natives, regarding the horse of Cortes as a god, had tried to feed it on what their gods were supposed to like—roast chicken and flowers, and when it died they carved the statue and worshipped that.

Wise Man's Word

Nearer our own day the Turks had to decide whether they would introduce the telegraph into their country. The proposal led to bitter discussions as to whether it was a good or bad thing for humanity, and finally in Smyrna it was referred to a wise old native.

"My children, the telegraph is a good thing," he said.

"What!" said the opposition. "Do you mean it is not a work of Satan?" "Oh, yes," the old man answered, "assuredly; but why are you so dull, my children? Can't you see that if Satan is occupied going up and down the wires with messages he will have less time to trouble mortals on the earth?"

And so Turkey got the telegraph!

CHEAP FOOD FROM THE SEA

MAGNA CARTA AND OUR FISH SUPPLIES

British Fisheries the Best in Europe

NEW LAW FOR THE HERRING

In Magna Carta is a special clause preserving the fishing grounds of the kingdom for the use of the people and forbidding their grant to private interests.

This is certainly as it should be, for fish play an important and ever-growing part in the sustenance of the people. Weight for weight, the food value of many kinds is equal to the value of beef.

In the present month the fisheries of Europe are in full swing, and no industry keeps itself more abreast of the times or is quicker in utilising the latest inventions. The old sailing boats have given place to steam trawlers, the look-out man who shouted to his mates on sighting a shoal has been superseded by the aeroplane, and it is horrible to read that to drive off porpoises which prey upon the sardines on the French coast, airmen drop bombs on the raiders.

Trawlers Lost and Replaced

The war, of course, played havoc with all European fisheries. These are the figures for the total catch of fish for the United Kingdom for the year before the war and the last year for which we have complete figures.

Fish caught in 1913... 24,567,116 cwt.
Fish caught in 1917... 7,794,136 cwt.

Of this total in each case about half were herrings. The fish of which fewest are caught by British boats is turbot, with 70,000 cwt. in 1913, and 11,000 in 1917.

The value of the fish caught in 1913 was £14,692,953, and in 1917 £13,896,638, but if the 1913 catch had been sold at present prices it would have realised forty million pounds.

British fisheries are more valuable than those of all the other European countries combined. Before the war we had about 1600 steam trawlers as against France's 224, Germany's 239, and Holland's 81; and although many of our boats were lost in the fighting, most of them have now been replaced.

Million Mackerel in One Night

The industry is now rapidly picking up, and there is no question that in most cases huge quantities of fish are simply waiting to be caught. Quite recently 46 fishing boats in a single night caught off the Cornish coast 1,200,000 mackerel, the share of one boat being 80,000; and, like the instance mentioned in the Bible, the fish were so many "that the nets brake."

The cessation of much of the fishing during the war gave the fish their chance, and they multiplied exceedingly. Taking the cod as an instance, we must remember that a single cod roe contains two million eggs, and if all these came to maturity, and went on breeding, in a year or two the ocean would be a solid mass of cod, all from one single fish.

Saving the Herring

Herrings, however, are, for some peculiar reason, in danger of diminishing, and are therefore to be protected. For the first time in living memory there is to be a close season from now to the middle of June in the Scottish Seas from Wick to Berwick, during which herrings may not be taken. This is to leave them free for spawning, so that they can replenish their numbers.

The Dogger Bank, covering several hundred square miles, is our most prolific fishing ground, and about 400,000 tons of fish of various kinds are taken there every year by European fishers.

Crabs and lobsters are caught all round our coasts, but most European lobsters come from Norway, which exports about two million a year.

The wonder of the sea is that it yields more food per acre, collected with less trouble and in an infinitely shorter time, than any crop that can be grown on land. The fish are there for the mere taking.

THE VILLAGE RIDERS

How a Book Travelled In Other Days

RINGING THE WEDDING BELLS FOR PAMELA

Our foremost modern philosopher, Herbert Spencer, has just passed his centenary, for he was born in the closing days of April, 1820.

One of the most interesting events in connection with the celebration was at the old, old town of Clitheroe, in Lancashire. The celebrants were all working people, who have formed themselves into a society to spread the doctrines this wise man taught.

Spencer's fame has declined; so does that of most men after their death. The most famous example was Shakespeare, whose plays were forgotten, or mutilated, or burlesqued, for a century or more after his life ended. But great men revive after the reaction.

Books Worn Out By Use

A remarkable thing about Spencer was that he made his way in illiterate Russia as literature earlier made its way with us. A Russian man of letters, long before the war, told the writer that Spencer was better known in Russia than in England. A few men would get copies of his works in Russia, and would ride from village to village, collecting the peasants at the village forges for warmth and light, reading the works to them, and passing on to other villages until the books were worn out by use.

And that is how our literature used to become known. When Samuel Richardson was publishing his novel "Pamela," it was read in this way in the little towns and villages of England. There is a famous picture of the book's progress at Slough, where the scene of the readings was the smithy, and the local blacksmith was the reader.

Night by night the man of iron read the book to the villagers by the light of his smithy fire, and when they came to the part in which Pamela is happily wedded the listeners rushed to the church and rang the bells!

THE NEW FINGER-POSTS

Quickening Up Travel

A committee is sitting to help the Minister of Transport to improve the ways of getting rapidly about the country, and one of the points on which it is said the committee will make recommendations is a much-changed and fuller finger-post system.

The French system of having a number as the biggest thing on a finger-post, to mark a main route between town and town, may be used.

Thus, the old Watling Street, from London to Chester, may be route 6, and a glance at a big 6 on the finger-posts will keep the traveller right.

Or the posts, or their arms, may be painted different colours, as they are painted in the Austrian Alpine districts. So, if you were travelling by road from London to Stonehenge, all you need notice might be a succession of colours on the arms, such as white, red, green and yellow, the stages being white to Croydon, red to Winchester, green to Salisbury, and yellow to Stonehenge.

Some system of this kind will no doubt be introduced, and motorists will be glad. It will quicken up travel and save the most precious thing in the world—Time.

ALL THE WORLD'S LETTERS

English-speaking people write far more letters than any other race. Australians come first with 130 letters per head per year, Canada and the United States next with 80 per year, and the United Kingdom third with 75. The Germans write 49 per head, French 40, and Italians 11.

WHAT NUMBER, PLEASE?

A reader at Hampstead writes to say that a certain shop in Walworth Road still sells buns at four a penny.

SHOT BY THEIR COUNTRY

Terrible Necessity of War

Of all the horrors of war that harrow the feelings of mankind the worst is that a man should be shot by his own countrymen. We know now how many were shot in that way by the British during the Great War.

Considering the enormous number of men engaged, the proportion of men shot deliberately by their own country is not large, but it is large enough to be ghastly and terrible.

The number sentenced to death was 3076; but of these only 343 were shot. Of these 18 were shot for cowardice, and 266 for deserting.

No one was shot until the Commander-in-Chief had sanctioned the execution. It must be remembered that into the army during the war came many of the most dangerous criminals in the country, as well as the pick of the gallant sons.

Eighteen only for cowardice in four years of war, with six or seven millions engaged, is a tribute to the nation's courage; but 343 shot for all offences is so fearful a list that a committee is about to inquire into the whole subject.

War insists that no man shall fail, and Death stands behind him to see that he does not fail. Can we wonder that nerves are wrecked by it?

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

Or—Doctor, Please Open Your Window

Do our doctors practise what they preach? Some people think not.

Some time ago a learned doctor lectured to a learned society in the afternoon on the evils of drinking tea; and, when he finished, his audience was invited to have a cup.

Recently Mr. Fisher, the Minister of Education, was much applauded by an audience, which included a number of doctors, for saying that education would never be satisfactory until it had taught everybody to open the windows and let in plenty of fresh air.

It occurred to a newspaper correspondent who heard him to go to the street where the most famous doctors live in London—Harley Street—and look at their windows; and there he found only one in ten open. The only house in the street properly aired was that of a lady, Dr. Sloan Chesson. But another famous lady doctor, who is greatly in favour of fresh air, had all her windows closed.

Another famous street where doctors meet their patients—Wimpole Street—was as badly sealed up as Harley Street.

The injunction "Physician, heal thyself" is evidently not yet out of date.

COAL LOST TO THE NATION

Are We Throwing Away Forty Million Tons a Year?

How much coal is wasted in the United Kingdom every year? No one can say, but the matter is attracting more and more attention owing to the ever-increasing cost of coal and the labour of getting it.

Mr. David Brownlie, an authority on the subject, has told the Institution of Mechanical Engineers that scientific investigation of the work of a number of Lancashire boiler plants showed that an enormous saving could be effected if the boilers were stoked scientifically.

He believed that out of the 14 to 18 million tons of coal burned annually in these boilers, no less than three or four million tons could be saved. If all the boilers of the country were reorganised, and run on proper lines, 15 to 20 million tons of coal could be saved every year, he says; and if, in utilising the steam produced from coal, we adopted the best-known methods, the saving in coal would be increased to 30 or 40 million tons a year.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

GREATEST STORY-TELLER OF FRANCE

The Unhappy Mother of Queen Elizabeth

FIRST PUBLIC MAN TO CALL FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS

- | | |
|--|------|
| May 16. Balzac born at Tours | 1799 |
| 17. Dr. Jenner born at Berkeley | 1749 |
| 18. New Eddystone Lighthouse opened . . . | 1882 |
| 19. Anne Boleyn beheaded on Tower Hill . | 1536 |
| 20. John Stuart Mill born in London | 1806 |
| 21. Philip II. of Spain born at Valladolid . | 1527 |
| 22. Victor Hugo died in Paris | 1835 |

Honoré Balzac

SOME readers of many books say that Balzac was the greatest novelist the world has produced. It is wiser to say he was the greatest novelist France has produced.

France was his world. He tried to make up for its incompleteness as a world—for no country, as Shakespeare knew, can be a full world—by picturing it completely. But, of course, he failed.

One man cannot put into books all the different kinds of men and women, rich and poor, good and bad, in town and country, of any nation.

Balzac tried that task in 85 novels, and, after all, they are but scattered pictures of bits of French life, very faithful, but only fragments of his task.

A hard and dogged worker, Balzac never escaped care about money, and his want of it kept him from marrying a Polish lady whom he loved for fifteen years. When he was 51 he married her, and three months afterwards he died.

All novelists who make a patient study of life as it is read his writings.

Anne Boleyn

ANNE BOLEYN, the second wife of our King Bluebeard, Henry VIII., was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, and mother of Queen Elizabeth. She is one of the women round whose character quarrels are still kept up, for the accounts we have of her come partly from friends, and more largely from bitter enemies.

As an Englishwoman who became queen after Henry had divorced his Spanish wife, Catharine of Aragon, she aroused much jealousy; and as a supporter of the Protestant tendencies, then beginning to be felt strongly, she excited powerful religious opposition.

When, after four years of being queen, she lost the favour of her husband, and was condemned as a traitor and beheaded on Tower Hill, there were many eager to side against her, and take away her character; but the calmer study of later years sees her chiefly as a badly-used woman, the plaything of a callous king, and mother of the greatest queen who has ever ruled in England.

The day after Anne was beheaded, her husband married his third wife.

John Stuart Mill

JOHN STUART MILL was an official of the East India Company till he was 52 years old, when he retired to continue the thinking and writing that were the chief interests of his life.

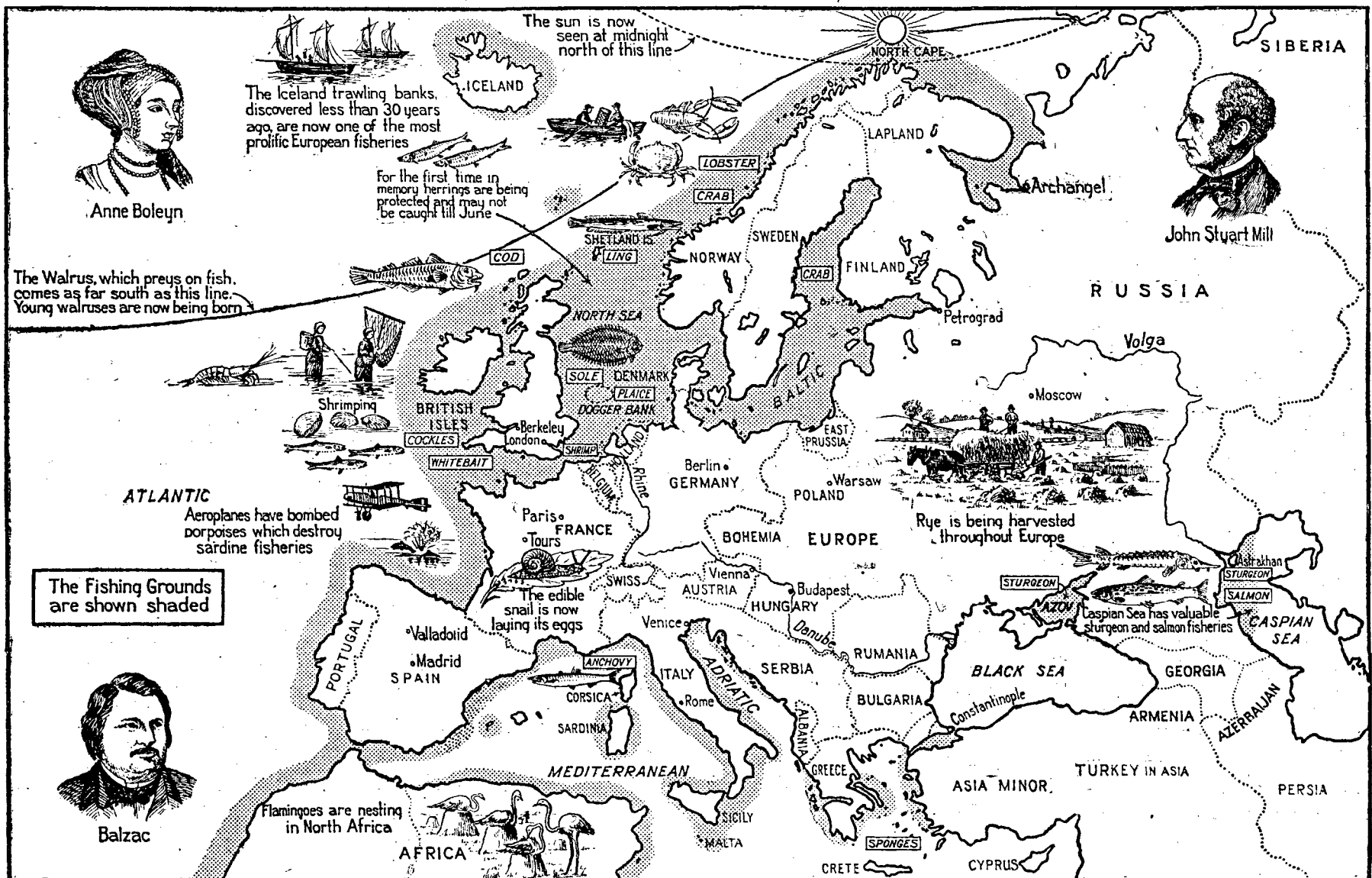
As a thinker he influenced deeply the minds of his generation, and his conclusions, though they need to be enlarged in some respects, are yet very powerful among men who try to understand the laws which govern the lives of men.

Mill had a curious childhood. His father, a very thoughtful man, trained him all the while. He never knew what it was to play with other boys. He began to learn Greek when he was three years old; and while he was yet a boy, he had the knowledge, from books, of a full-grown man.

This shut him off from ordinary men, and it was only slowly that he came to know the world as most men see and feel it. Yet he had great sympathy, and lived a very noble life for noble ends.

He was the first important thinker and public man who claimed for women equal rights with men.

PICTURE-NEWS MAP OF EUROPE SHOWING THE FISHING NOW GOING ON



DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN ENERGY

The Monstrous Waste of War

Complaints are made that the Germans have not destroyed all the arms they promised to destroy when they signed the Treaty of Peace; but, if they are telling the truth, they have destroyed enough to show the appalling waste of valuable material and of human labour that is caused by war.

Here is a list of the war stores destroyed in Germany during the last five months of 1919, according to the German Government:

4100 cannon
13,400 cannon barrels
7800 gun carriages
3,000,000 loaded shells
10,000,000 blank shells
10,000,000 hand weapons
21,000 machine guns
87,000,000 cartridges
1,000,000 swords and lances
3200 mine throwers
8,000,000 bombs, and
16,000 kilogrammes of explosives

The destruction of the German fortresses on the frontiers of France and Belgium has been begun, and will go on regularly and systematically until they are all levelled with the ground.

What possibilities of death-dealing have vanished with this destruction! But think, too, of the human energy lost to industry when all these weapons were made to spread misery among mankind!

SWITZERLAND'S GOOD NAME

Switzerland is guarding her good name. She is to abolish all gambling houses within the next five years. This will stop those law-breakers in this country who set up gambling businesses in Switzerland and advertise them in English newspapers.

A GREAT GOOD MAN

Friend of R. L. S.

Lord Guthrie, a judge of Scotland, and one of the most widely useful men in Great Britain, has died at the age of 71.

A son of the popular minister Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who helped to found Ragged Schools in the days before national education, Lord Guthrie followed in his father's footsteps by helping to build up that fine institution the Boys' Brigade, and for nine years he was its president.

One of his chief interests was a study of Scotland's past, and he was very active in connection with its antiquarian and history societies, and the reprinting of its earliest books.

As a young man he was one of the nearest friends of Robert Louis Stevenson, and he lived, towards the end of his life, in the cottage where Stevenson lived during his boyhood.

Judge Guthrie was just the kind of man we all like to think of as the son of his father, the friend of his early friends, and the thoughtful helper of boyhood everywhere.

I BELIEVE

It is a pity not to send, as far and wide as may be, this fine creed drawn up for the Overseas Club, from whose monthly magazine we take it.

I believe in our glorious empire of free peoples, in the sacredness of our mission, in the unselfishness of our aims, in the ultimate triumph of our cause.

I believe in our great past and in a greater future, in the emptiness of riches and the dignity of labour.

I believe in right thinking and pure living, and in the inspirational power of woman.

I believe in national re-birth, in a new empire and a new world.

I believe in the need for humbleness, in the vision of the mountain tops.

I believe in God's guidance in the days ahead.

CONSCRIPTION

The Seed of War

The Senate of the United States, by passing a scheme of voluntary enlistment, has led the way against forcing men to be soldiers. Under the new scheme any American between 18 and 28 can have four months of army training in any year he chooses.

The British conscription law was only temporary, for war-time. The United States are now going back from conscription, and Germany is not allowed to have it under the Peace Treaty; but so far the other great nations—France, Italy, and Russia—are still holding on to conscription, a state of things which makes war dangerously easy.

The only hope of lasting peace is that, when the war is finally cleared up, all nations shall reduce their armies till conscription is unnecessary.

THE GREAT MONEY MYSTERY

Where do all the pennies go? The Mint is turning out £2000 worth of bronze coins every day, or over 200 millions a year, and yet there is always a shortage, although scarcely any of these pennies, halfpennies, or farthings are ever withdrawn from circulation.

It is a mystery which even the Mint with all its knowledge of money cannot solve.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Chaucer's Canterbury Inn . . . £2000
A Heppelwhite sideboard . . . £242
A Sheraton bookcase . . . £168
A writing-table of Louis XV. period £157
A Chippendale grandfather clock £61
A doll's tea-set of Stafford ware £11

Pronunciations in this Paper

Boleyn Bool-in
Civet Siv-et
Deinodon Di-no-don
Ryneveld Ri-nay-felt
Tours Toor
Valladolid Val-yath-o-leeth

BAMBOO BOOKS

A New Supply of Paper

As we wrote last week, one of the most real wants of the world now is fresh materials for paper that will cheapen it. Newspapers and books are growing dearer constantly, and it cannot be helped, because the world's materials for making paper are being used up.

A new hope is springing up, however. In tropical regions there are immense yearly growths of plant-life that need to be cleared. Among them are the bamboo growths, and it is suggested that bamboos shall be pulped for paper-making. The cost of bamboo pulp would only be about half the cost of the pulp used now, and its supply would be almost inexhaustible.

The sooner the hot, moist forests of the tropics come to the rescue of the woodlands of the temperate zone as providers of material for paper, the better for the pockets of book-buyers and for the cheap circulation of knowledge.

C.N. CHILDREN'S FUND

The amount sent by readers to the C.N. fund for starving children in Vienna is now 110,000 shillings, sufficient to provide food for about 60,000 children for one week, or to take 2300 children to Switzerland for three months, where they can be properly cared for.

All subscriptions are acknowledged direct by post from the Save the Children Fund. Owing to lack of space it is impossible to give the list in the C.N.

THE FORD LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The great Ford Works at Detroit now cover 350 acres, and have 40,000 workmen speaking 100 languages. The wages bill is £1,000,000 a month. The turnover is £80,000,000 a year, and the production 1,000,000 cars a year.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 15 1920

Turkey Goes

They that take the sword
Shall perish with the sword

WOULD that we had alive one of the stern prophets of ancient Israel, wrapt in visions of empires that rise and fall, to see aright, and tell in words that burn the great things happening now before our eyes.

For we are living in great days. In these spring months of 1920, while the tulips are nodding in the gardens and the bluebells are carpeting the woods, the nations of the world have decided that the Turkish Empire shall come to an end. It is perhaps the greatest fixed fact of the war.

Russia and Germany have been more or less shattered, but they will recover—for the ultimate good of the world, let us hope. But the Empire of Turkey, made by the sword alone, kept by the sword alone, but dwindling slowly for a century, has collapsed.

Her fate is one of the most impressive lessons that time has taught mankind. Crossing the Dardanelles 562 years ago, the Turks seized Gallipoli and the entrance to the Black Sea. War was their watchword. The broken and divided races of the Balkans were no match for the Turk. Not till they reached the gates of Vienna were they turned back, and even until a hundred years ago theirs was one of the great empires.

Over all that empire, except the Anatolian hills whence they came, they were a minority of the people, often only a very small number; but they held power because they were utterly reckless of life in war and ruthless in suppressing rebellion. They watered the soil of every province with the blood of subject races, while the civilised world cried to Heaven, How long?

The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. No longer does Turkey hold the gateway of the Black Sea. Her 562 years' hold of Gallipoli is relaxed; it is not for nothing that the name has carried grief to every part of the earth where a British heart beats. What happened at Gallipoli is part of the cost of a great redemption. Not only is civilisation saved, but the barbarism that speaks only by the sword is put back across the straits again.

The Sultan may live in Constantinople, but his hand holds no sword there. The world has sat in judgment on a race that won power only by conquest and kept it by cruelty; it has shorn the oppressors of power, while the peoples they oppressed are free to live peaceful lives and prove their usefulness to mankind.

He that has eyes to see, and a heart to be thrilled by the great movements of history, let him take note of these things.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Fear of Going Right

MOST of us, especially those who ride the magic carpets that some call motor-cars, will like the idea of the new finger-posts that will number our great main roads as we number the bus routes of London.

But you simply cannot please some people. One great friend of ours, who has walked over all the hills and through all the valleys and across all the plains and down half the little lanes of England, is annoyed—he even feels himself insulted—at the idea that it should be made so easy to find your way. He feels belittled, as if these finger-posts were leading him by the hand, saying to him that he is not sharp enough to find his way himself; and he is distressed almost to weeping by the thought that it will soon be impossible to take a wrong turning, to lose yourself anywhere.

We can only suggest, for his consolation, that he should shut his eyes at the finger-post whenever he is afraid of going right.

Leave Well Alone

FORESTRY is an excellent thing, and there is plenty of room for this new science of growing trees, but we do not like its wild young dream.

The School of Forestry at Cambridge is said to believe that it can improve on the natural growth of trees. It is possible, the forestry people think, to make trees grow square!

We do not expect anything so ugly will be seen in our lifetime—and we hope not. We fancy Nature knows best, and we remember those lines Joyce Kilmer wrote before he died in France:

Poems are made by fools like me;
Only God can make a tree.

People Who Never Learn Anything

VERY queer are the people who never learn anything.

Once a school-girl's album was sent to us for an entry of our opinions. It contained the opinions of all the owner's class-mates as to who was "the worst man in history," and every girl had written Oliver Cromwell.

Evidently the class had been taught that stupid untruth, in defiance of all the history of a hundred years. But such amazing ignorance as to who have been the greatest Englishmen is equalled by a band of Churchmen who wish to make a saint of Charles the First.

We hope to see the Church of England doing wonderful things in this new age, but we hope never to see this.

Poor Charles, one of the most slippery yet most obstinate of men, had a sad end, and we may well be sorry for him, both because of what he was, and because of what happened to him; but to try to make him out to be a saint! People who can hold such views must have wandered through history as if they were stumbling blindfold through a maze.

One Thing to be Proud Of

WE ought not to be too proud of ourselves as a nation, for that is being priggish, but there are some British habits which are well worth preserving. One is our courtesy to others when we are travelling, especially the sick, the old, and the very young.

Perhaps the habit is not as universal as it was; but, even in crowded trains and buses, we are generally good-humoured and often kind. It has never happened here that the railway companies have had to put up notices in their carriages that wounded soldiers should have the first chance of sitting, yet these notices are being put up in France.

Everybody who has travelled abroad has seen the disposition to keep people out instead of letting them in, even when there is room. England will no longer be England if a time should come when her people have to be ordered to make way for her wounded heroes.

Tip-Cat

CAPTAIN WARNER describes Woolley as "the best all-round player in England." After the ball, of course.

A DOOR-POST: The hall porter's.

NEWSPAPERS are talking about a German plot. We understand it is not a novel one.

THE Labour Party thinks the House of Commons should sit by day and not by night. Others think it sits at night because it has had its day.

WHAT the Germans have got: Bad marks.

A SCRATCH lot: Cats.

MR. ACLAND thinks the reputation of British justice stands extraordinarily high. We are not all big enough to live up to it.

PROHIBITION has emptied the gaols in America. Why not fill them with profiteers?

SEVERAL roots have been stolen from Kensington Gardens. Nowhere like Kensington for the root of all evil.

WE have come to the cross-roads in Ireland. But have we ever come to any that were not cross?

Lost or Strayed

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know where all the ex-kings have got to—Tino of Athens, Ferdinand of Sofia, Karl of Vienna, and Co.

We are sorry we do not know. We can only refer our correspondent to the museums.

Magic Casements

By Our Country Girl in Town

SHE came out of a little shabby street in to the Brompton Road, which was full of people staring into the shop windows. No human being able to stand and to get about ever looked more like Death than this woman, who was so thin you could see every bone in her face.

I followed her, wondering what was the cause of her haste, for she walked very quickly, huddling up her shoulders, her eyes of terror glancing to left and right. At any moment, I thought, a woman so ill might drop down dead.

Presently she stopped abruptly and made her way to one of the shop windows, pushing forward through the people to get a better view.

I wondered what it was that attracted her, and, drawing level with this poor woman, looked towards the shop window. It was filled with the gayest of summer hats, marked at exorbitant prices.

She stayed before the window till I grew tired, and then on she went again, bent up and wretched.

Again she stopped, and again it was before a window filled with wonderful summer hats—hats of golden straw trimmed with the brightest of many-coloured flowers.

I thought to myself: Here is a romance of London. This poor woman on the edge of the grave has a fairy story in her desperate soul. She is telling herself that a good fairy will one day appear in the black room which she calls her home, and will suddenly change her rags to silks, her suffering to good health, her darkness to light. No doubt every summer hat on which she feasts those great staring eyes of hers is a picture in the fairy book of her soul.

When you think of it, a shop window may very easily be a magic casement into dreamland, and Death a good fairy.

Good Things Said

By the Prince, begging Kitchener to let him go into the trenches:

What does it matter if I am shot? I have four brothers.

By Miss Petrie, in the Hibbert Journal:

The City of God will never be built until its inhabitants are ready for it; politicians can only deal with human nature as they find it.

Mr. J. L. Garvin, on coming back to England from abroad:

It is impossible for stay-at-homes to realise how much we have to be thankful for. If our Government is not perfect, it is at least more successful than any other.

By a little boy of six who has just lost his mother:

I've got an idea, Daddie. I'll tidy up mother's garden, and she will see that we remember her.

By Charles Lamb, in a letter to a friend: Nothing puzzles me more than time and space, yet nothing puzzles me less, for I never think about them.

By a Chinaman of long ago: With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes silk.

Concerning Pitt's war budgets in the time of Napoleon:

They said they would not, and could not, pay; but they could pay, and they did.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE LIGHT ON THE HILLS

SOMERSET'S GREAT IDEA

Light that Shall Not Go Out for Men Who Shall Not Die

QUENCHLESS FIRE OF THE MENDIPS

The men of the gallant western county of Somerset have had a happy inspiration. To keep in mind their brave lads who died for England in the war they have thought of a memorial that will kindle the imaginations of all.

The Mendip Hills look forth over nearly the whole of that wide county, with King Arthur's fabled Isle of Avalon in the plain at their foot. It is a scene that links the earliest dawn of our country's history with the daylight of the twentieth century; and there some sign was sought that would blend the old romance of chivalry and sacrifice.

Crowning the Heights

Now it is proposed to crown the top-most height of the Mendips with a light that shall never go out, but, by day and by night, shall speak to the county of the heroism of her young manhood. What the cenotaph in London is to the British Empire, that shall the light on the Mendip Hills be to gallant Somerset.

It is a thought that will thrill all who know the part played by the lights of temples, beacons, and watchfires as calls to reverence and guardianship along the whole history of mankind.

The idea of a quenchless light has haunted all the religions of the world, so that the light that shall never go out has become as familiar as a household phrase.

The Fire of the Ages

The Egyptians had such a light in their rock-hewn temples; the Greeks carried it wherever they spread their civilisation; the Persians preserve it to this day; the Romans saw in it the most sacred of their symbols; it beams from a thousand altars of the Eastern and Western Christian Churches; and when the Old World found the New World it was already there, in the sacred pyramids of the races that held the Andes.

Fire with its light was so mysterious to primitive man, and meant so much to him, that it ruled his imagination.

Then, think, too, of what the beacon on the hill has meant far down the centuries till near our own days. It was the signal of danger, the wide-flung call for all to unite in the common defence of a threatened land. Its glare spread, far and near, the terrors of invasion. "The fires of death, the bale-fires, flash on high," is the poet's picture.

Message from the Hills

But otherwise will shine the steady electric torch from the brow of the Mendips over Somerset.

It will tell to sore hearts now, to loving memory hereafter, to proud children's children in generations yet to come, of brave Somerset men who saw their duty plainly and did not shirk it, but renewed afresh the ancient glories of a county that long ago made history as the home of the unconquerable Alfred.

Man lives not by bread alone. Most of all he lives by the spirit he cherishes within; and Somerset is giving the whole land a message out of the spirit that makes England great when she sees her honoured dead as a light on a hill that must never be hid.

THOUSANDS OF LIFETIMES WIPED OUT

How little do we realise the tremendous consequence of small things in the life of a nation! Here are some figures of one year's disaster from strikes in the United Kingdom.

During last year there were in the United Kingdom 1413 strikes, and the number of working days lost in consequence was 34,480,000.

Whatever we may think of the rights or wrongs of strikes, the loss they cause to us all is staggering in its greatness, at a time when the civilised world is poor

for want of the things which work makes.

The loss of 34,000,000 working days means, if we suppose that each man would have worked 5½ days a week, and that each man's working life would cover 50 years, that the strikes of last year cost Great Britain the amount of productive work that would have been done by 2640 men throughout their life.

It is as if the whole life's work of 2640 men were wiped out, and made a dead loss. And yet men strike with a light heart, as if there were no harm in it.

A FAIRY LOOKS OUT ON THE WORLD



One of the pictures of Ida Rentoul Outhwaite, the clever Australian artist now exhibiting in London. See next column

FAIRY SECRET OUT

Australian Artist's Picture Show

A LITTLE GALLERY OF GREAT CHARM

Where the fairies come from has long been a mystery, but at last the secret is out; Ida Rentoul Outhwaite has given it all away.

The fairies clearly come from Australia, where Mrs. Outhwaite knows them; for she has caught them, as they have very rarely been caught, in all sorts of places, at all sorts of times, doing all sorts of things. She has found them riding fishes on the crests of the waves; she has found them holding revel on the bed of the sea; she has found them in woods and plains and dales and up among the stars; she has found them riding on the witch's broomstick and in the crescent of the moon.

And wherever she has found them Mrs. Outhwaite has made a picture of them, just as they are, and her pictures, brought together, make a touch of fairyland itself.

Fairies at Their Pranks

And now she has brought it all to London from Australia, for Australia is where the fairies live. It must be so; they must be there, for Ida Rentoul Outhwaite has seen them, has caught them at their pranks and games, and has painted them with one of the cleverest artist's brushes in the world for all of us to see.

As an illustrator of beautiful books, Mrs. Outhwaite's work has long been a favourite among fairy-tale readers in Australia, and her work deserves to be better known. Her line and colour have great charm and daintiness; some of the drawings are like fine etchings.

But you must see the pictures themselves to catch the spirit of this true fairyland. You can see them now, and for a few days longer till May 22, at the Fine Art Society's Rooms at 148, New Bond Street, London.

Charm of Poetry and Art

It is the first exhibition that we have had in London by this Australian artist, but we may be sure it will not be the last. We love Australia, all of us, for those splendid Anzac men she sent us in the war. We love her for the great traditions she has built up for herself, for the courage and freedom and the love of outdoor life that come to mind whenever we think of that continent.

Now we shall love Australia, too, for that touch of poetry and charm that she has put into the soul of Ida Rentoul Outhwaite, inspiring her to fill her books with these fine pictures, and to lift us up in these hard days by luring us for an hour out of the workaday world into the world beyond our dreams.

GERMANY'S PROCRASTINATION

Germany is slow in carrying out the terms of the Peace Treaty. Of 30,000 horses which she must surrender, she has so far given up only 1200; of 90,000 cattle only 4000; of 100,000 sheep only 10,000; and of 10,000 goats only 4000. Many of the surrendered cattle are diseased.

RATES MORE THAN RENT

At Pontypridd the rates for the current six months are 12s. 8d. in the pound, equal to 25s. 4d. for the year. This means that the rates on a house now come to more than the rent.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The town of Overlook, Delaware, has 75 houses built of bricks made from ordinary coal cinders and cement.

At Sir Walter Scott's School

A. Macgeorge, a boy in the Royal High School at Edinburgh, the school of Sir Walter Scott, won six events in the recent school sports.

The Brute and the Dog

A blind pedlar of Penge has been sent to prison for breaking the leg of the dog which led him. A greater brute than his dog, we should say.

The Wealth and Beauty of Australia

General Birdwood recently visited Western Australia, and told the people that he had had no idea that there was anything so beautiful, so productive, and so capable of vast expansion as what he had seen in the colony.

A letter addressed to "J. Ruskin, Esq.," has been received by the master of the John Ruskin School, at Croydon.

A Summer School

The League of Nations Union is holding a summer school for men and women at Kempsey School, near Worcester, in the first week in August.

Not Wanted

The building of a brewery in Newport has been stopped by the Corporation on the ground that this is no time to put up such places. We should think not.

Lost or Stolen in the Post

Over 1100 registered packets have been lost or stolen in the post in the last twelve months for which figures are ready, and over 21,000 unregistered parcels. The number of postal thieves convicted was 233.

SPOILING SPENSER

WHY NOT MAKE HIM READABLE?

Publishers Who Will Not Mieve With the Times

EUGH AND IOLLITIE

The strange-looking words in our heading are not misprints. They are an answer to the complaint, called forth by the appearance of a new book, that the works of Edmund Spenser are not now generally read. The same complaint is to be found in almost every work about this supreme master.

Spenser, friend of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney, who sang his contemporary Shakespeare's praise, and in death—"dead for lack of bread," as Ben Jonson put it—was lamented by Shakespeare in a "Midsummer Night's Dream," was as brilliant a star in the firmament of poetry as Shakespeare in drama. He has influenced every great poet since his own day, and remains one of the noblest gems in our crown of literature. Yet he is not read!

Spenser in Everyday Speech

He comes more into common speech than we all realise. Such phrases as "a bold, bad man," "The noblest mind the best contentment has," "Through thick and thin," "By hook or crook," come from his "Fairy Queen."

Spenser was our first poetic genius after Chaucer. The Elizabethan poet admired his great forerunner, and, writing when the written language of Chaucer had become practically obsolete, reverted to some extent to Chaucer's "Middle English." He used antiquated words and spellings, and the type of his printers made confusion worse confounded.

Spenser offers not the faintest difficulty to one who can read Chaucer as he wrote, but not everyone can. You take up a fine modern edition of Spenser and find spellings such as are set out in our heading. And here are more of them.

Printers Mix Their Letters

Ioue (Jove), Roue (rove), Iollities (jollities), Vnkinde (unkind), Vsurpe (usurp), Loue (love), Vnmoued (unmoved), Vnadvised (unadvised), Sie-lynge (ceiling), Shiuering (quivering), Sclaue (slave), Reurse (reverse), Ouer-giue (give over), Liuelod (livelihood), Greave (grove), Eugh (yew), Suruiue (survive), Mieve (move), and so forth.

The printers of Spenser's days mixed the v with the u; even today there are pedants who absurdly copy them and inscribe V for U upon our public monuments and buildings. And foolishly, faithful editors do the same in modern editions of the poet's works. If fewer and fewer grown-ups are reading Spenser, then we may expect that modern youth will be still less eager to wade through this maze of archaisms.

If Spenser is not read it is largely the fault of those who print his books, and refuse to move with the times.

Affectation Kills Pleasure

Some of Spenser's words cannot be modernised, any more than some of Chaucer's, but we all read the Scotch of Burns and Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson; and Chaucer and Spenser offer few greater difficulties. But the use of old-time forms of letters is a staggering handicap to the beginner, and there is no more need for it than there is in Shakespeare or Milton.

To miss Spenser is to miss one of the joys of the lettered life; but he should be a pleasure from the outset. It is affectation today to write "ioy" for joy, or "vrchin" for urchin.

He rests, in his own words, "wrapped in eternal silence, far from enemies;" his genius should not be obscured and remote from new generations of admirers. Why have translations from the Greek and Latin of Homer and Virgil, and let our own Great Singer remain unreadable? Here is a chance, indeed, for some wise publisher.

TERRIBLE TOOTH

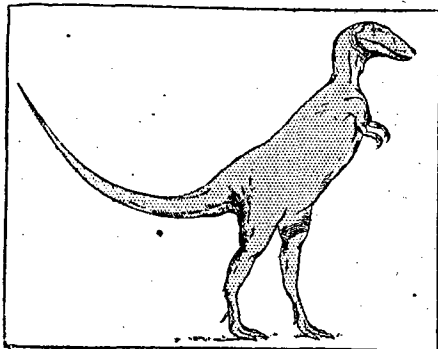
Ancient Tenant of Canada MONSTER WHO ROAMED THE BED OF A DRIED-UP SEA

We gave the other day a picture from the New York Museum of Natural History of a weird flying reptile, the pteranodon, which haunted the earth before man arrived on it. Another new exhibit has been set up in the same museum; this time the deinodon, or terrible tooth, which is found among the great fossil deposits of Western Canada, in the canyon of the Red River in Alberta.

It cannot be called an elegant creature, but it was swift, strong, and terrible. Its long tail balanced it as it ran on its hind legs, and its short fore-feet were used to seize and tear its prey.

Terrible tooth stood twice as tall as an average man, nearly 12 feet high, and its length from its nose to the tip of its tail was about 20 feet.

When the deinodon ranged the earth in search of its prey the Canadian plain



The Ancient Deinodon

was a marshy forest, and even then ages had passed away since the forest had been a shallow sea.

Now the skeleton of the creature is found in the sides of a deep gully cut in the prairie by an ancient river, and on the level prairie, above the banks, the land is yellow in autumn with the great wheat crop which helps to feed the millions who live, five thousand miles away, in European cities.

Curious it is to reflect on the changes the earth has seen since these monsters came, flourished, declined, and disappeared—long before the earth was ready to be the habitation of mankind.

FORTUNES IN STAMPS

Famous Collections for Sale

The French Government has ordered the disposal of the famous Ferrary Collection, the most valuable accumulation of postage stamps in the world.

The owner, an eccentric millionaire, spent money without stint on his hobby, and at his death his albums contained most of the known rarities, including the only known specimen of the "one cent" error of British Guiana.

The collection was bequeathed to the Berlin Museum, but its removal from France was forbidden by law. Now it is to be sold, and a sum of half a million sterling is expected to be realised.

Another great collection, that of the late Mr. H. J. Duveen, was also offered for sale recently in America, the price asked being about a quarter of a million pounds.

ONE WHO MADE GOOD

Joseph Fels. By Mary Fels. (Allen & Unwin.) 6s.

Here is the life of a man who made himself, through long struggle and force of character, master of a great business and a preacher of a great idea.

Mr. Fels, making wealth in business, spent it in politics, chiefly in trying to bring the land and the people together, as he told a prince to whom he once held out his hand on a ferry boat, and then talked land politics for two hours.

His story is here told, with great devotion and admiration, by his wife, and the book is a worthy tribute to a generous and useful life which came to an end just before the war.

MOUNTAINS OF FURS

Eleven Million Skins for Sale

LITTLE BURROWERS FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

Among the many things to which the war has brought a great change is the fur industry. Every year the greatest sales used to take place in London and Leipzig, though certain sales were held in New York and St. Louis.

But now the fur business has largely gone to America, and there has just begun at St. Louis a sale which will go on for a fortnight, and will be one of the biggest sales that has yet taken place.

About eleven million skins are being disposed of, not only those of animals found in America, but of animals all over the world. There are, for instance, about 150 tons of rabbit skins from Australia and New Zealand, besides half a million opossum skins, 2000 kangaroo, 25,000 wombat, 15,000 wallaby, and thousands of lamb skins.

All Sorts and Conditions of Cats

The largest quantity of any one skin is two and a quarter million mole skins collected from different parts of the world. There are also a million and a quarter squirrel, as many mink, half a million American opossum, half a million marmot, 400,000 skunk, and over a million musk rat.

One curious item on the list is 15,000 Russian pony skins. All kinds of cats contribute their share, including 119 leopard cats and

15,000 lynx cats	16,500 wild cats
16,000 ringtail cats	175,000 civet cats

Of beaver skins there are only 21,000, and not more than 2000 bear. No lion skins are available, but there are 350 mountain lion, which are really puma.

Strange it seems that among eleven million skins there should be only seven skins of the sea otter and 37 Japanese sable skins. This shows how rare these furs are, and they will, no doubt, realise enormous prices.

The Americans mean serious business, and are advertising these skins all over the world to attract buyers.

VANITY OF VANITIES

Queen of the Chancel

A woman who lives in a village near Rugby is claiming the right to use all the seats in the chancel of the village church, and to exclude others.

She will not let the choir sit there except with her permission. She would reign as absolute queen of that part of the House of God.

Whether she has the right of exclusion is to be decided by the court that deals with church affairs. The strange thing is that any human being should wish to reserve an important part of a church all for herself, or for those she may allow to use it.

That the desire to wield power and exult in personal possession should be allowed to revel unchecked up to the very threshold of the Sanctuary would be strange indeed, but stranger still is the human pride that makes the claim. We refer the proud lady to Ecclesiastes I. 2.

THE SCHOOLSHIP

Go-Ahead Bradford Goes Ahead

Go-ahead Bradford is going ahead with its proposal for a ship that will carry a load of school-children and be a travelling school.

A committee is inquiring for a suitable ship of 5000 tons that will carry 600 children, and also enough cargo, it is hoped, to pay the cost of the voyage.

That the ship should be doing the ordinary work of a ship as well as serving as a school is a most sensible arrangement, for the business activity of the ship will be a natural part of the education provided.

May good fortune wait upon this practical and hopeful experiment!

A MAN'S FIRST RIGHT

LIBERTY OF THE BODY Habeas Corpus and What It Means

SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE WATCHED

By Our Political Correspondent

The most simple and important of the rights of men is the freedom of their bodies from arrest, unless they have broken the laws that safeguard all.

It has been felt, ever since there was just and wise government, that nobody should be seized and imprisoned unless he has been arrested properly on a warrant, and that when he has been arrested he should be brought out of prison for trial, so that he may defend himself against his accusers.

That is the very foundation of personal liberty, and laws were made in England centuries ago to ensure that the rule of quick trial for offences shall not be broken. The Act of Parliament which ensures this is called the Habeas Corpus Act, habeas corpus being Latin for "thou mayest have the body." It provides that the body (corpus) of a man held in prison shall be produced for trial. Yet, though this Act is most necessary and sound, it is being disregarded or set aside even in such liberty-loving lands as America and Great Britain.

At the Mercy of the Police

For instance, in the United States thirteen Bolsheviks have been arrested without public warrants for their arrest, and the men have been condemned to be sent out of the country. But an appeal has been made against this action on the ground that the men were arrested without warrants being issued against them; and the Federal Courts have agreed that the appeal is justified.

The same disregard of the Habeas Corpus Act is being shown in Great Britain, particularly in Ireland. This is made possible by suspending the Act in certain places. Then, with the Act suspended, the police can arrest anyone, and personal liberty is at their mercy.

That is a bad state of things, against which our forefathers guarded most anxiously and carefully. There can be no sure justice when men are cast into prison suddenly without trial.

Act That Guards Our Bodies

Such arrests are entirely contrary to the law, which exists not only to protect the public against wrong-doers but to protect those accused of doing wrong against the mistakes or the tyranny of those who accuse them.

Hundreds of Irishmen have been put into prison, some because they are accused of crimes, some because they are suspected, and some apparently to keep them out of mischief. We do not know which of the reasons are the true ones responsible for the arrests; even the imprisoned men do not know.

In the meantime there they are in prison, and are not tried. The old and good law says, "Bring forth their bodies quickly, and try them fairly, to see whether they are innocent or guilty," and that is the only plan worthy of British justice, which safeguards the accused as truly as the persons who may have been injured by them.

Every citizen ought to understand clearly the importance of the Habeas Corpus Act as the guardian of our bodies against wrongful seizure. All breaches of this ancient Act should be regarded with gravest suspicion. J. D.

HONESTY IN INSTALMENTS

Every now and again the Chancellor of the Exchequer receives a little conscience money from somebody who has robbed the State and is sorry for it. Some poor man's conscience has been troubling him, and he is sending an old debt to the Treasury in 5s. instalments.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

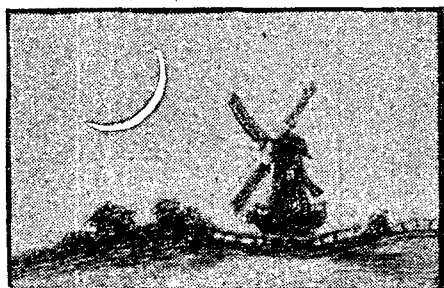
Young Birds on the Wing

MARTINS BUILD THEIR NESTS

Why does all this great world
Smell like a fresh bouquet
Picked from the flower-beds of God?
Oh, I know! It's May!

NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

May 16. Yellow-hammer lays its eggs
Lesser whitethroat is now laying
Wall butterfly appears on the wing
17. Young chaffinches are fledged
18. The goldfinch lays its eggs
Spotted flycatcher is first seen
Tree pipit is now laying
The blackcap lays its eggs
Young broods of greenfinches are hatched
19. Young starlings are now fledged
The May-fly appears on the wing
20. The sedge warbler lays its eggs
The whinchat is now laying
The cockchafer begins to get active
21. Golden green dragon-fly is on the wing
Song of the great titmouse ceases
The house-martin builds its nest
22. Greasy fritillary butterfly appears
The midge, or thrips, begins to be active
The soldier-beetle is on the move



The moon in the middle of next week

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	5.9 a.m.	5.5 a.m.	5.2 a.m.
Sunset ..	8.44 p.m.	8.48 p.m.	8.51 p.m.
Moonrise ..	4.1 a.m.	6.9 a.m.	8.23 a.m.
Moonset ..	6.40 p.m.	10.21 p.m.	12.3 a.m.
High Tide ..	1.16 p.m.	3.30 p.m.	5.3 p.m.

Tide is for London; black figures mean next day.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

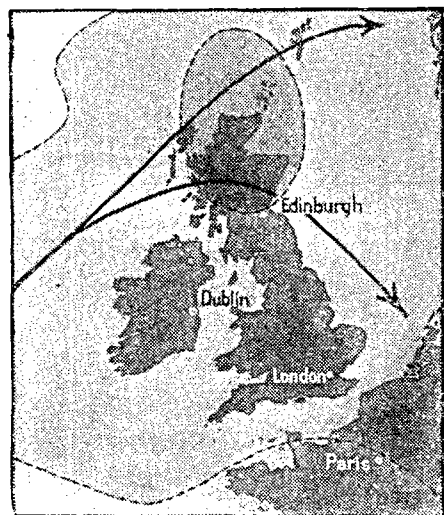
Sow scarlet runners, also broccoli and cauliflower. Make successional sowings of cos and cabbage lettuce, also radishes.

Thin out carrots, as soon as the strongest plants can be distinguished, about six inches apart. This will allow every alternate one to be drawn for use in growing state, leaving the rest to mature for keeping for winter use. Weed and hoe between the rows.

Sow spinach for succession, and turnips for summer use; thin out crops sufficiently advanced. Walks and beds should be edged, and nothing omitted which tends to give them a tidy and neat appearance. Keep the hoe at work among seedling plants to check weeds, which at this time of the year grow at a very great rate.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Storms of May



This map shows the storm areas in the United Kingdom for May. The frequency of the storms is indicated by the darkness of the area, and the arrows show the direction.

THE GIRL WHO WANTS HER CHANCE

The Editor's Letter to One in Search of Opportunity

We reprint here by request a few passages from one of Arthur Mee's Letters to Girls, which appeared some years ago in My Magazine, and are now published as a 2s. book by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

This is from the letter to the Girl in Search of Opportunity.

The world is always waiting for the influence without which it could never have been worth living in—the influence of a good woman.

Wherever you go in these days, if you are old enough to be thinking of your place in life, you will find those who are asking that women may have more power given to them in the nation; and wherever you go, if you are wise enough to keep your eyes open, you will find that women have a power that Acts of Parliament can neither give nor take away. And it is this wonderful power that you are either making or not making now by the way in which you spend your time.

Two Sisters

The world is a leisurely place for a girl, and all about you lie temptations to give up your life to vanities. Remember, when temptations come, that life is made up of duties as well as pleasures, that we must fit ourselves to bear sorrow as well as happiness.

As we are building now, so will our future be. I know two sisters. They lived in a lovely house, and their father was rich. One of the sisters loved to be rich, and to have all she wanted, and she lived as if riches would never end, and her life came to depend on riches. The other was glad to be rich, but she would not have felt it much if she had been poor. She loved to do things, and she prepared for her life as if money had nothing to do with it.

The Secret of Life

These two sisters grew up side by side, both happy, until one day something went wrong. The two girls were suddenly poor, and I think it nearly broke the heart of one of them. But it mattered nothing to the other, for her happiness was set in a foundation more solid than gold. She had learned the great secret that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and she is winning her way with high honour in the profession she has chosen.

Now, we can live in either of these ways. We can live so that a hundred things that may happen will shatter our happiness and break our hearts; or we can live so that our peace is in an armour that no chance stroke can pierce, so that our happiness is based on things that endure.

Storehouse of the Mind

And this true happiness, this strength that will sustain us whatever may come, we can all possess. I do not think that there is any recipe for it that can be put into words, but we know when our lives are at their best and when they are not. We know whether we are filling our minds with fine ideas and lovely thoughts, and trying to understand the world in which our lives must be spent.

More than anything, it seems to me, a girl should have deep sympathy. There is a sympathy beyond words, and perhaps it is the best of all; but no power can exaggerate the good that a cheering word may do.

Many a time, when I have been sending My Magazine into the world, a great weight has been pressing down upon me, and I have been depressed,

and often I have thought that I would bother about my magazine no more; and then there has come a greeting from some human heart—from some unknown comrade, perhaps in Africa, or China, or Egypt, or Java; perhaps from some man whose life is wearing itself out in the slums of London; perhaps from some great school where hundreds of characters are being made; perhaps from a chaplain in the Army, giving his life for the men who garrison the distant Empire for England and civilisation and peace; perhaps from somebody in joy or sorrow; and no word could express the power of uplifting that these letters have.

Woman's Great Work

Many times you have heard it said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. It means that, while men make laws and machines and houses and ships, women are to be the makers of men. You are to build up the homes and hearts and minds of those who build up only smaller things.

But woman is not only the ruler and the maker of rulers; she is the comforter and sustainer. She bears the burden of the world's sorrow; she brings the world its great consolation. Whatever great work a man may do in the world, with all his votes and all his tools and all his talk, the best a man can do is not to be compared with the best a woman can do.

The work you can do is the most wonderful and beautiful work that any human being can ever do—the building up of a home.

Kingdom of Home

That is the task that awaits you, that is the great contribution you can make to the happiness of the world.

There is nothing a king can do that is so great as this work of yours.

You are the queens of the earth, and in these years you are winning your kingdom. See that it is a fair kingdom, with nothing in it ill or mean, and see that the days you are living now are golden days, in which every dawn of morning and every shade of night shall build up the beautiful throne upon which you were born to reign.

ARTHUR MEE

The titles of the full collection of Arthur Mee's Letters to Girls are:

1. To a King's Daughter
2. To the Girl Who is Wondering
3. To the Girl Who Loves Her Home
4. To the Girl in Search of Pleasure
5. To the Girl Who Thinks and Feels
6. To the Girl Who Will Have a Vote
7. To the Girl Who Will Marry Some Day
8. To the Girl Who Has Made Her Choice
9. To the Girl on the Highway of Life
10. To the Girl in Search of Opportunity
11. To the Girl Who Brings Comfort in Pain
12. To the Girl Who Loves the Noblest

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS UN HERCULÉ

Tallancourt était doué d'une force herculéenne. Il prit part à la bataille de Waterloo, et fut blessé légèrement. Resté sur le champ de bataille, il commença à avoir faim. Poussé par la famine, il se releva, regarda autour de lui, et aperçut un petit canon démonté. Tallancourt n'hésita pas. Il saisit le canon, le hissa sur son épaule, et se mit à la recherche d'une boutique où l'on voulait bien lui acheter sa pièce. Il la porta à deux lieues de là avant de trouver ce qu'il cherchait. Le marchand lui paya dix francs.

ISLAND UNIVERSE

STUPENDOUS MASS OF MOVING SUNS

Wonders of the Depths of Space SUNS AND WORLDS BEING MADE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

We have, during the past few months, had many a peep into the depths of our own glorious universe, which we see, night by night, extending above and beyond us on every side; and we know that our world is but a speck of dust compared with the whole, and that our universe, although stupendous beyond imagination, is a thing complete in itself and with a never-ending beyond.

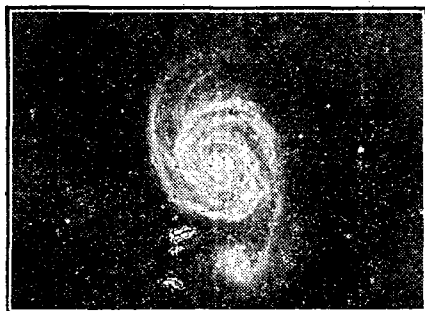
Now there is a stupendous marvel above us in the evening, Messier 51, shown below the tip of the Great Bear's tail on last week's star map, which even a powerful telescope shows only as a mass of filmy light, brighter in the centre, with a smaller mass close to it.

We know this to be a vast collection of suns and worlds in various stages of development, with immense incandescent clouds of such elements as compose our Earth. All this amazing mass is in mighty motion, while every part of it is related to every other part, so as to form a beautiful and symmetrical whole, which takes the shape of a spiral.

Seen by the Camera's Eye

Now, although our eyes, even with the aid of the most powerful telescopes, are unable to see all this, so faint has the light become on its astonishing journey—millions of light years long—it is all made visible for us indirectly. The photographer's sensitive plate, exposed in a camera attached to a telescope, can grasp what our eyes cannot.

Our eyes can grasp no more light after gazing for an hour than in the first



An Island Universe of moving worlds—

minute, but the plate in the camera can, and therefore the faint light, after being continuously poured on to it for three or four hours, prints a picture of itself and reveals a marvellous state of things.

The accompanying picture of this Island Universe is reproduced from a photograph taken at Mount Wilson Observatory by Mr. G. W. Ritchey, and it gives an idea of its shape.

Spiral Marvels in Space

There are many of these spiral marvels in space, extending farther and farther until lost in its infinite depths. Up to quite recently they were generally considered to be part of our universe, and to be various solar-systems in course of development, the bright centre being the future sun and the outlying masses future planets and moons. But the painstaking researches of several astronomers have quite recently shown that they are what are called Island Universes far beyond our own.

Most wonderful of all is the conception that if we saw our own universe from a planet in one of those remote realms we should see something very similar. All the multitude of suns that we know would appear to radiate in curves from the centre, and to be enclosed within the innumerable lighter and smaller suns and nebulae that constitute the radiant streams of the mysterious Milky Way that encircles our heavens. G. F. M.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward
Wright

CHAPTER 35 The Plot Fails

OLLANTAY had vanished while pretending to help in hunting game.

"When he gets back," said Ted, "he will set his men on our trail."

"No sleep for us tonight," said sorrowful Sam.

All agreed that the sooner they got away the better. A new track was found, and the Indians hoped, by climbing up trees at intervals and getting a glimpse of the sky, to work gradually in the direction of the Golden City.

Manco, however, was not so much concerned with regaining the palace as with escaping pursuit.

"We could dodge away by quick tree travel," he said to Joy, "if we did not take the strangers with us."

"But my brother must come!" exclaimed the girl queen.

"He can come," said Manco, "but the men strangers must look after themselves."

The old Inca still hoped to marry Ted to his niece, and he was scheming to leave the other Englishmen. In innocent frankness, Joy proposed to Ted that he should travel along the branches with her men and let the colonel lead his party on foot to the city.

"It is impossible," said the boy. "I cannot leave my father and friends. They know nothing of woodmanship. They cannot tell good fruit from bad, and cannot climb for any distance. They would starve or fall into Ollantay's hands."

In turn he proposed to Joy that she should go with her uncle and leave him to guide the party.

"You will then certainly escape, my little queen!" he said. "If Ollantay overtakes us we will fight for you!"

"I will not leave you," said Joy passionately. "You are my brother; I will not leave you! Let Manco go with his men and bring help. I will stay with you!"

So Manco's cunning failed him. He would rather have died than left the queen to travel without his guidance. So he had to take the Englishmen with him.

Strongly was he tempted to send a messenger to Ollantay offering Queen Joy in marriage, but pride of blood made him sicken at the thought of a Tupi savage wearing the imperial mitre.

There were hundreds of fine young men of noble race in the mountains, but his heart still yearned for the English boy of strange red beauty and heroic bearing to enter the royal house.

Hoping against hope for the success of all his plans, old Manco put forth all his strength of mind to defeat the pursuit.

He made the Englishmen suffer for their inexperience in tree travel. He forced them to climb in five directions, so as to make false trails. He brought them back, ordered them to take off their long boots and walk on leaves to a tree, up which they were hauled by vine ropes. Finally, they were told they must climb along by the side of two Indians, and take the Indians' hands instead of clutching at a single bough.

CHAPTER 36 A Circle of Perils

SAM, of course, was the trouble. He was one of those who feel dizzy a little way above the ground. He had started life hoping to become an able seaman, but had dropped into the stoke-hole because he could not stand on the bridge of a ship for fear he was going to tumble into the sea.

Even Bill grew angry with him. But the two silent Quichuans found a way of curing Sam of his dizzy fancies. They let him fall a foot or two nearly a score of times in quick succession. After that Sam's screams of terror died away. He took his last jolts with silent recklessness, and then went onward so rapidly that the Quichuans had their work cut out to keep up with him.

"You have changed, Sam," said Ted, in genuine admiration, when he was giving the stoker some new fruit. "You're a perfect hero!"

"Tain't that, sonny," said the desperate man. "I'm so fed up with it that I don't care what happens. I say that if I've got to break my neck, I may as well break it and have done with it!"

Sam's new courage was a god-send to everybody. He enabled the party to increase their pace threefold. The naval officers quickly got the hang of the new way of travelling, and were able to send forward one of their Indians to help the two men with the injured colonel.

The feet of Joy and Ted were as hard as iron. They were able to squirrel above the main party and feed their elders. Ted began to grow an expert in eatable fruit.

Joy and he had a competition as to who should first see that the sun had risen. More by luck than by skill, Ted won at a time when Joy was busy proclaiming that she had found a series of large nests on which all the party could rest.

Manco only allowed a brief repose. With aching limbs, the Englishmen had again to clamber and swing, while the tireless Indians helped them forward and discovered, or made, gaps in the almost continuous curtain of twined growth amid the high trees. Everybody chewed medicine leaves to keep away the feeling of exhaustion.

The sun rose high and filled the dim, moist forest with terrible heat. Bird and beast became more silent than at midnight, but still the fugitives struggled on. Joy sighted a clearing, but Manco would not let anyone descend.

"Ollantay's men will find it, and look for footmarks," he said.

Night came—a night like a living nightmare to Colonel Lanaway. His chest had to be bound in healing leaves to enable him to move. Four of the Indians helped him, and at times carried him. At last he had to be carried from branch to branch, and the strength of his helpers gave out a little while before the sun rose.

Everybody was glad of a day's rest and of the roast meat that the Indians cooked. Manco poulticed the colonel with leaves, and at night he was able to move again.

Onward the party worked, doggedly, painfully, and slowly, and but for the boy and girl the men would have sunk in despair.

To Ted and Joy the journey was a pleasure excursion when compared with their lonely forest adventure.

"We could live for months in this way," said Ted to Joy, as they were picking a new kind of sweet fruit together.

"I have indeed lived for weeks like this until my father died," said Joy. "It is much better than the dull old palace."

Suddenly her manner changed. She had left a fruit tree, and was peering at some twig nests in a mora-tree.

"Come and look!" she cried to Ted. "Look at these leaves!"

They were medicine leaves. Ted

recognised the spot. His father had rested there in the early morning. The lost party had been travelling in a circle.

Manco was furious with his men. "Why did you not climb up and look at the sky?" he exclaimed. "We have given the rebels a day's march against us!"

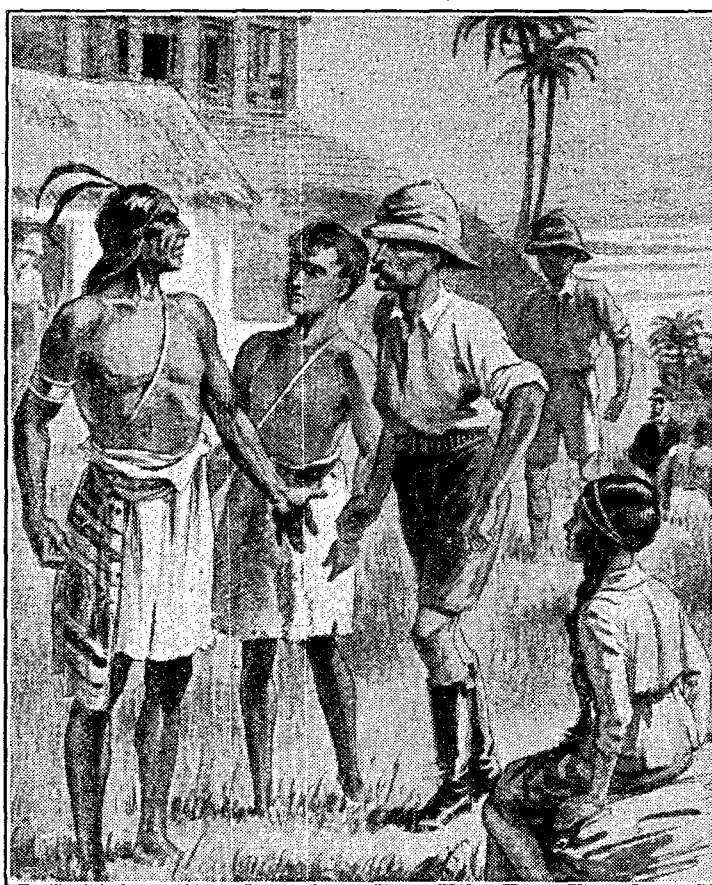
CHAPTER 37 The Mystery of Golden City

"I HAVE little hope of escape now," said Manco, as the Englishmen came up to see what was the matter. "We must rest again for the wounded stranger lord."

But Colonel Lanaway would not hear of another stay. He insisted that his lung was healed, and that he was beginning to feel better than he did before he was hurt.

"Tell the old chap," he said, to Ted, "that now the insects keep away I am as strong as he is."

Manco was very learned in Inca medicine, and after examining the hopeful colonel he was surprised at the way he had recovered. He cured a small festering wound in Bill's right foot, and, after a fireless meal, another attempt was made to reach the city.



"Ollantay has won," said Manco. "Joy is deserted by her people."

Joy and Ted went up the highest trees at intervals and looked at the sky. At first a Quichuan accompanied them, but the young folks soon became able to tell from the sun or moon the direction Manco wanted to keep.

Two days of laborious toil passed without any excitement, and Manco became more cheerful. He allowed the Englishmen to descend to a track, and sent his men out in a circle to search for a waterway. The Inseparables, as Ted and Joy were called by their English friends, took to working on the lower branches to find the stream.

Joy found it.

She was playing with Ted the universal game of follow-my-leader. Trying to walk a branch so thin that she thought the boy would not dare to follow, she slipped and tumbled, shrieking as she fell. Ted swung on the branch with his hands, dropped, and landed feet downward in mud. Joy was unhurt beside him, but plastered and half-blinded with ooze.

"Anyway," said Ted, "we have found the stream."

"I found it," said Joy proudly, going into the water and washing herself.

Together they called the party, and Sam had to be restrained from kissing the sacred face of the girl queen when he learnt that she had found a waterway on which raft travel was possible.

Raft-making is easy in tunnelled rivers of the Amazon basin. Nature provides ropes of all sizes, as well as timber, and the expert Indian axemen soon had half a dozen rafts ready, and a supply of resinous torches.

The party floated down the stream, climbing over fallen timber, and adding fish to their diet. They passed an open space that Manco and his men recognised, and came out into fields by the Golden River, below the city, near the village in which Ollantay made his first camp.

Manco took extreme precautions against surprise, but found houses and fields utterly deserted. Waiting until his men had constructed rough dugout canoes, by felling trees and burning out the insides of the shaped logs, he made up the current to the Golden City.

Again he suspected an ambush, but there seemed none. Not a soul remained on the terraced and builded hill. Everything of value was removed from temple, palace,

Five-Minute Story

The Lost Papers

"MR. WHITING wants you in his office, Rob."

Robert Pearson, junior clerk in a large bank in the City of London, got up smartly from his high stool, and made his way to Mr. Whiting's private office.

"I want you to take this packet down to our West-end branch, Pearson. You can take it as you go to lunch. But be careful of it, as it contains bonds and securities to the amount of five thousand pounds." He placed a rather bulky envelope in Robert's hand. "Bring back a receipt from Mr. Curtis, advising me as to its safe delivery."

"Very good, sir." As it wanted an hour to his usual lunch-time, Robert went to where his coat hung, and placed the packet in the inside pocket. Then he returned to his work.

At half-past twelve he left the bank and mounted a bus going westward, having first assured himself, by placing his hand to the breast pocket of his coat, of the safety of the packet.

The bus was rather crowded, and he was jostled while descending the steps; as this was a common enough occurrence, however, he took little notice of the fact.

It was when he was just outside the branch office that he noticed that his coat was open. He placed his hand quickly to his breast pocket, and drew out a packet. But not the packet handed to him by Mr. Whiting!

He tore it open hurriedly. A number of sheets of writing-paper was all it contained.

Horried, he turned back. The bus was gone.

Dumbfounded and staggered at his misfortune, he determined to go back and consult Mr. Bliss, one of the junior cashiers. Mr. Bliss dined at the same restaurant as Robert, and, as he was invariably obliging, he would be able to suggest the best course to pursue.

Robert noticed, as he removed his overcoat before sitting down, that the peg he generally used was already occupied. He found an empty one, walked to a table, and sat down.

Mr. Bliss was playing dominoes, and did not look up.

After he had lunched, Robert went over and asked if he could speak to him.

"I'll see you later," replied Mr. Bliss abruptly.

Automatically, scarcely knowing what he did, Robert paid the waiter, put on his coat, and walked into the street.

As he buttoned up his coat something crackled in his pocket. He pulled it out.

It was the missing packet!

The coat Robert had taken from the bank belonged to Mr. Bliss, who, unknowingly, had taken Robert's. The double mistake had been corrected in the restaurant, Robert having taken the overcoat from the peg he generally used.

NOTES AND QUERIES

What does R.B.A. mean? The letters R.B.A. following a man's name mean that he is a member of the Royal Society of British Artists.

What is an Alibi? An alibi is a plea of having been in another place when a certain act was performed. It comes from a Latin word meaning the other.

What is it to Run Amok? To run amok, or amuck, is to run about, armed, in a frenzy, attacking all who are in the way. The word is Malayan for engaging furiously in battle.

TO BE CONTINUED



As Full of Spirit as the Month of May



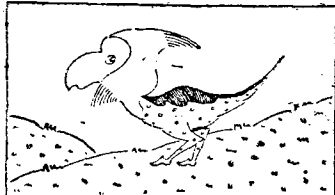
DR. MERRYMAN

"LET'S see," said the observant man, "didn't the vernal poets say, Hail, gentle Spring?" "They did," replied the cynic, "and Spring accepted the invitation."

Is Your Name Drake?

THIS, like many other well-known surnames derived from birds and animals, was, no doubt, originally given as a nickname, owing to some fancied resemblance in manner or form to a drake.

The Zoo That Never Was



The Trippet

IN summer days the trippet trips bareheaded through the wood, But when the autumn comes it dons

A cosy woollen hood.

The Iliad and Odyssey

A person named Homer went bankrupt, and a wit wrote this verse. THAT Homer should a bankrupt be, Is not so very odd—d'ye see: If it be true, as I'm instructed, So ill-he-had his books conducted.

"WILL your dog come when you call him?" "He comes when I beckon." "How do you beckon?" "Usually with a bone."

Lewis Carroll's Puzzle

This interesting puzzle was found among Lewis Carroll's papers. A MONUMENT all men agree Am I in all sincerity, Half cat, half hindrance made. If head and tail removed should be, Then most of all you strengthen me. Replace my head the stand you see On which my tail is laid.

Solution next week

A GRASSHOPPER once, young and growing, With energy great was o'erflowing; He hopped and he hopped, And never once stopped Until no more grass was left showing.

A Picture Lesson in Geography



What English village does this picture represent? Solution next week

Hard Luck

MARY had a little hen That caused her many a tear. It used to lay when eggs were cheap, And stopped when they were dear.

The Doubtful Sneeze

Some years ago a picture was exhibited in London entitled "The Doubtful Sneeze," whereupon a poet wrote the following verse.

THE doubtful sneeze! a failure quite.

A winker half, and half a gaper; Alas! to paint on canvas here What should have been on tissue-paper.

JONES: "Tell me a rhyme for 'civil,' I am writing a poem." BROWN: "Try 'drivel.'"

The Censor and the Steps

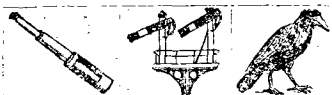
ANXIOUSLY Interrogation Wondered, "Will the condemnation

Of the censor fall on me?" Dash thought likewise; silently Comma stood a moment still, "Must I feel his cruel quill?" Semicolon's dread was stronger, Tarried yet a moment longer; Colon started up and cried, "Me, too, will he thrust aside?" "Ah! alas!" cried Exclamation, "We are all in condemnation." Master Censor came to see: What they dreaded that did he: "Let the Period only be."

A YOUNG man who lived down at Sutton

Declared that he cared not a button What kind of meat They gave him to eat So long as it wasn't cold mutton.

A Little French Made Easy



Le télescope Le sémaphore Le corbeau

Le télescope rapproche les objets Le sémaphore est abaissé On dit: "Noir comme un corbeau"



Le fauteuil Le canard Le robinet

Mon père s'assied dans un fauteuil Le canard dit: "Coin, coin" Tournez le robinet et l'eau coulera

Do You Live in Bedfordshire?

BEDFORDSHIRE is, the shire, or county, of Bedford, which means the Ford of Bedeca. No doubt Bedeca was some chief or person of importance who lived near the ford over the River Ouse, on which Bedford is built.

In the course of time the town was given the name by which its site had previously been known.

A B C D E F

A TRAVELLER, some little time back, Was telling another a history, Whose manners betrayed a great lack

Of sense to unravel the mystery. "Why, sir, it is strange you can't see,

Or, perhaps, it don't meet your belief; 'Tis as simple as plain A B C." "Yes," cries Mother, "but I'm D E F."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Geography Test

Amazing Arithmetic

V from FIVE leaves FIE; putting fifty (L) in the middle gives FILE. Now add twice ten times five times ten, or 1000 (DD) and you have FIDDLE.

Name Us All

Clover, lover, over, clove, love, clover, cover, cove.

What Flower is this? Foxgloves

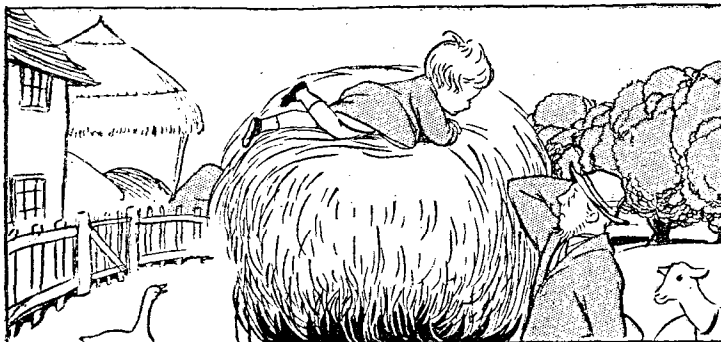
The Adventures of Jerry

TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE

CHAPTER 2

Jerry jumps off the garden wall on to a haycart standing underneath. Before he can jump back again, the cart moves on, and takes Jerry with it.

BY and by they left the narrow lanes and crept out into the open country. It was a lovely day for an adventure. The river winding in and out among the meadows was as blue as the sky, and Jerry loved the red clover fields, and the merry little lark flying up and up, singing all the way.



"Please don't step on them!" Jerry called out

When he was tired of watching it all he snuggled down in the hay and pretended to be a rabbit. And then at last, after a long, long time, the cart stopped. Jerry wriggled out of his hole, crept to the side of the hay, and peeped over. They were in a big farmyard, among pigs and cows and horses, and fluttering round the cart were crowds of chickens and ducks and little baby goats. The man said "Shoo! shoo!" to them as he got down slowly from his seat.

"Oh, please don't step on them!" Jerry called out.

The man was so surprised that he stopped and stared up. When he caught sight of Jerry he threw back his head, and said: "Jer-u-salem!"

Jerry burst out laughing. And then he introduced himself. "I'm a rabbit," he said. "It's fine up here."

The man went on staring. So Jerry explained. "I'm a little boy really," he told him. "I was up on the wall when the cart stopped, and I jumped on."

"Where do you live?" asked the man.

Jerry told him, and the man whistled. "That's five miles away," he said. "You can't walk that far, a little chap like you. Fancy being up there all that time, and never saying a word! You are a young rascal. Wait, now, while I fetch a ladder and get you down. When I've had a bit of dinner I'll take you home."

"I'm not going home," said Jerry, very quietly. "I'm going to stay here. If he won't let me, I'll hide."

More of Jerry next week

A Jacko Plan that Went Agley

THE Jacko family were delighted when Father brought home a hammock. It was fixed up that very day, and after supper Father sat in it and smoked his pipe till bedtime.

"Splendid thing, a hammock," he declared. "So restful. You should try it, Mother."

"I've no time for hammocks," replied Mother scornfully.

But Adolphus, apparently, had. He would lie in it for hours at a time. Poor Jacko never had a chance.

"I guess I'll have him out," he said at last, and when the family went in to tea Jacko stayed behind and cut the ropes half through with his pen-knife.

Then he forgot all about it—till he came in from school next day and found Aunt Maria rocking cheerily in it.

"This is delightful, Jacko!" she called out.

But suddenly there was a grating noise, and Aunt Maria screamed, and came with a horrid bump to the ground!



Aunt Maria screamed, and came with a bump to the ground

Who Was She?

The Girl Novelist

IN the middle of the 18th century a little girl, whose father was a musician, grew up in her Norfolk home, and afterwards in London, without receiving any proper education.

Her sister had been sent to school in France, but she herself remained at home, and her father was too busy to give her any attention. Her mother died while she was a child, so the little girl was backward, and at eight did not even know the alphabet.

She made rapid progress, however, after that age, and by the time she was ten could not only read, but was writing little stories and poems of her own.

In accordance with the moral teaching of those days she had twinges of conscience for thus "wasting her time," and on her fifteenth birthday burnt all her manuscripts.

One of the lost stories had in it a female character that had interested her very much, and she let her imagination run on and invent all sorts of adventures for the lady. Then having worked out in her own mind a complete story, she wrote this down, and some years later published it anonymously.

The family was on a visit to a friend near Epsom, and one day her father, having gone to London, returned with a novel which he said was the talk of the town. That evening he began to read it aloud, and all the listeners praised it, to the vast embarrassment of the girl.

At last the young writer burst into tears, and confessed that she was its author.

The book created quite a sensation. Dr. Johnson read it so often that he knew it almost by heart; Sir Joshua Reynolds took it up at a meal and became so absorbed that he could not put it down; and Edmund Burke sat up the whole of one night to get through it.

Afterwards the girl wrote other stories, for which the public waited as eagerly as for Scott's novels.

In 1786 she was appointed assistant keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte. One of her duties was to mix the queen's snuff, and see that the box was always kept full.

After five years she resigned, and married a French officer who had fled to England, and during the battle of Waterloo she was in Brussels.

Her most famous work is a diary which, though tedious in parts, gives a very interesting picture of life at the period.

She died at Bath in 1840. Here is her portrait. Who was she?

Last Week's Name—Demosthenes



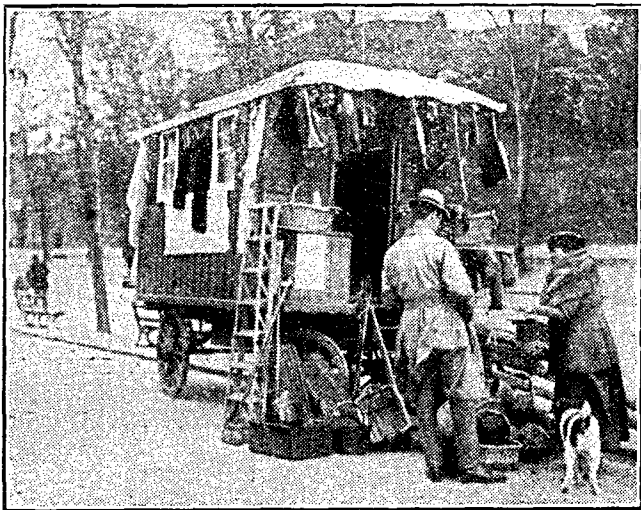
The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly for the whole world. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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GREETING THE PRINCE · PETER ALLIGATOR · WORKING ON ROLLER SKATES



New way of helping St. Dunstan's—A party of ladies is touring the country in caravans, selling goods made by the blind at St. Dunstan's. Here is one of the caravans at St. Albans



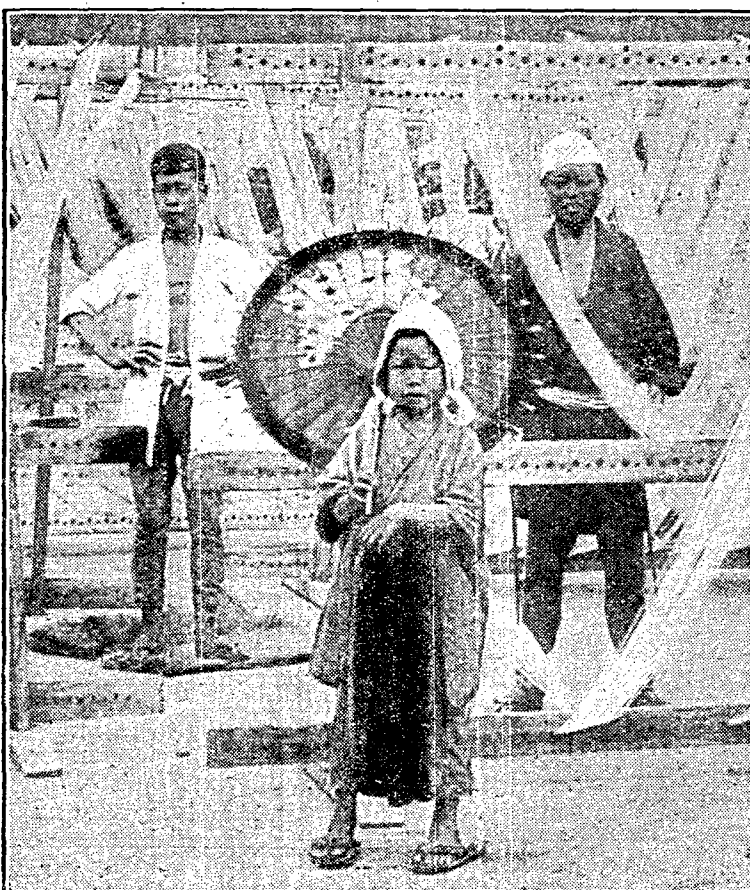
Gallant Devon life-savers—Ernest Cotton and his 14-year-old son, whose prompt action saved a man after a boat had capsized and two occupants had been drowned



Greeting the Prince—A guard of honour of coloured boys in Barbados with dummy rifles waiting to salute the Prince of Wales. It will be seen that only some of the boys are shod



The dentist goes to school—London school children now have their teeth cared for, and this dentist, at Deptford has become popular by his kindness



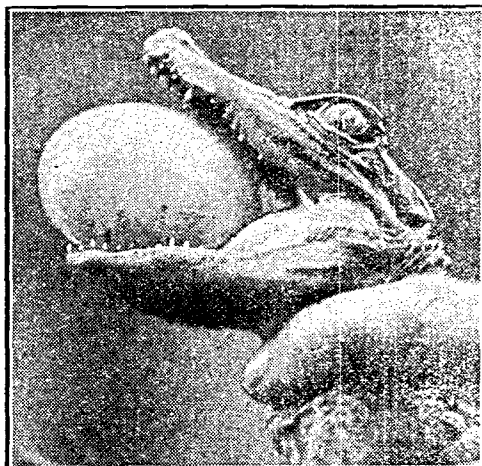
Japan imitates Italy—The Japanese are becoming great lovers of macaroni, and here we see macaroni drying in the streets of a Japanese town. The Japanese are likely to become serious rivals of the Italians in this industry



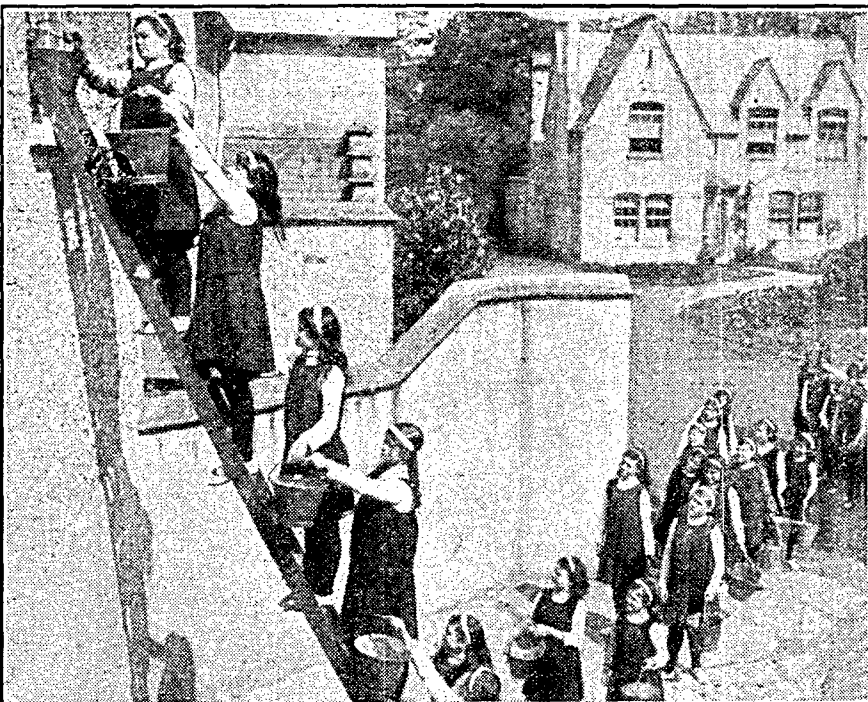
Peter Alligator greets the world—A lively young alligator leaving the egg from which it was hatched recently at the London Zoo



Little Home of a Great Man—The birthplace, at Derby, of Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, now being sold by auction. See page eight



A big mouthful—Peter, having just emerged from an alligator's egg, gets very hungry and makes his first breakfast off a bird's egg



The living chain of buckets—A fire broke out at the Princess Mary Village Homes, Addlestone, and the girls' fire brigade promptly mobilised and formed a line of bucket-holders, as shown here. By their smart action the fire was soon put out. See page two



Hustling in the Chicago Post Office—To get through their work more easily and speed the post, the clerks in the Chicago Post Office wear roller skates. They are said to get through three times as much work in a given time as if they walked